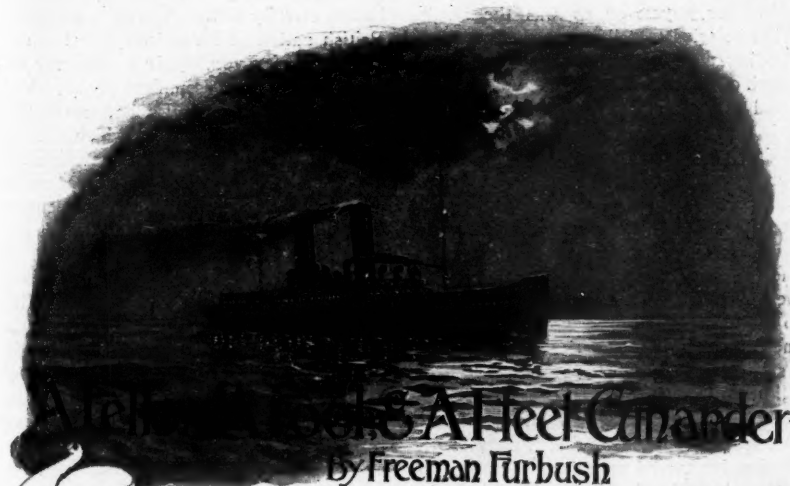


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WHEN my guide, philosopher and friend, Bates Gordon, transferred the elevation of his feet from against my Irish-point lace curtains to the shoulders of my Venus of Milo, and interrupted our talk on "hard times" by casually informing me that he was going to take a "run across," I extended my hand and congratulated him. This recognition I felt was due a man who could say "run across" as easily and unblushingly as he did, a man who had never even passed Sandy Hook in his life, much less been across. Then when he flicked his cigar ashes into the seat of my cream satin divan and further incidentally remarked, "And you're to go with me, Mr. Man," I thought the occasion was ripe

for me too to show that little things didn't trouble me. So I manifested my *ennui* with a stretch and a yawn, took a turn or two around the room, and then answered him the way I do when he comes across the street for me to take a ride on that yellow tandem of his.

"Well-er-hum-let me see, when did you say you wanted to go?"

"Go, man! we go Saturday on the 'Lucania!'"

"Oh, not till then? Too bad, I thought it was to-morrow on one of the Thursday boats."

I could see that Bates didn't relish my treating his munificent offer thus lightly. "Well you can go or not, just as you like," he snapped out.

"Guess I'll go B. G. just to accommo-

date you, though I counted on doing a little work down to the office next month. Got the passages engaged?"

"Yes, friend of mine threw them up the last moment, couldn't go."

Bates then got down to business. He drew his chair up a bit closer, gripped his fingers around the lapels of my coat, and assumed the expression of a man who had something epoch-making on his mind. I didn't quite know what was coming, but I was sure it would be best to let the oracle take its time. A four hours' exposition of a certain pet scheme that he had been nourishing for a year or so was the result. What he tried to tell me in the course of that harangue was considerable, but the length of its rendering was as nothing compared to the nature of the proposition. Offering you an expurgated edition of the affair, I would beg to say that the presentation of the subject consisted, on Bates' part, principally of two spasms. In the first he informed me that, although in the main I was something of a fool, still the gods had been so far forgetful as to have given me a most useless penchant for writing, and to have allowed furthermore the appearance of some of my vagaries in print. This last, he said he had never, not even in his wildest flights of imagination been able to understand, but he would let the matter pass on the supposition that it was not becoming for mortal man to question the errors of the gods. In his second effusion, he said that in view of the above accidents, he thought he could use me to some trifling advantage. Then followed his scheme. *In toto* it was that we should go abroad together, I as a parody on a man of letters, he as my amanuensis, my private secretary-in-masquerado.

#### THE FELLOW OUTLINES OUR ITINERARY.

"Now what you've got to do, Furbush, is this. The toss of a coin and the devil of the deep sea permitting we land in Liverpool on a Friday; Saturday we go down to London, viewing rural England from a car window; Sunday we take in all the churches, Westminster and St. Paul's included; Monday we send our cards up to a few celebrities like the Prime Minister, the Lord Mayor, the leading lady of the "Al-

hambra," and the ghost of Madame Tussaud; Tuesday we visit the slums of the East End with Mr. Caine's "Christian" for a guide book; Wednesday we run out to Oxford and Cambridge to see the personality of future England; Thursday we call on the Queen and the Prince at Windsor (I have a letter of introduction here in my pocket from my tailor); Friday we do the things that have been left undone and undo the "things" that have "done" us; and on Saturday we sail for home. Not half a bad programme, eh, my Johnson that-is-to-be quote Boswell? Just a week my man, and in that eternity of time you're to grasp the British nation in its entirety and I am to take notes for you. Just a week my litterateur for you to assimilate all that which has made John Bull's London-in-the-Fog the centre of an empire on which the sun never sets without blushing at its existence, and then as our gallant Cunarder steams westward, you are to sit on the promenade-deck and execute the result for which this enterprise has been planned."

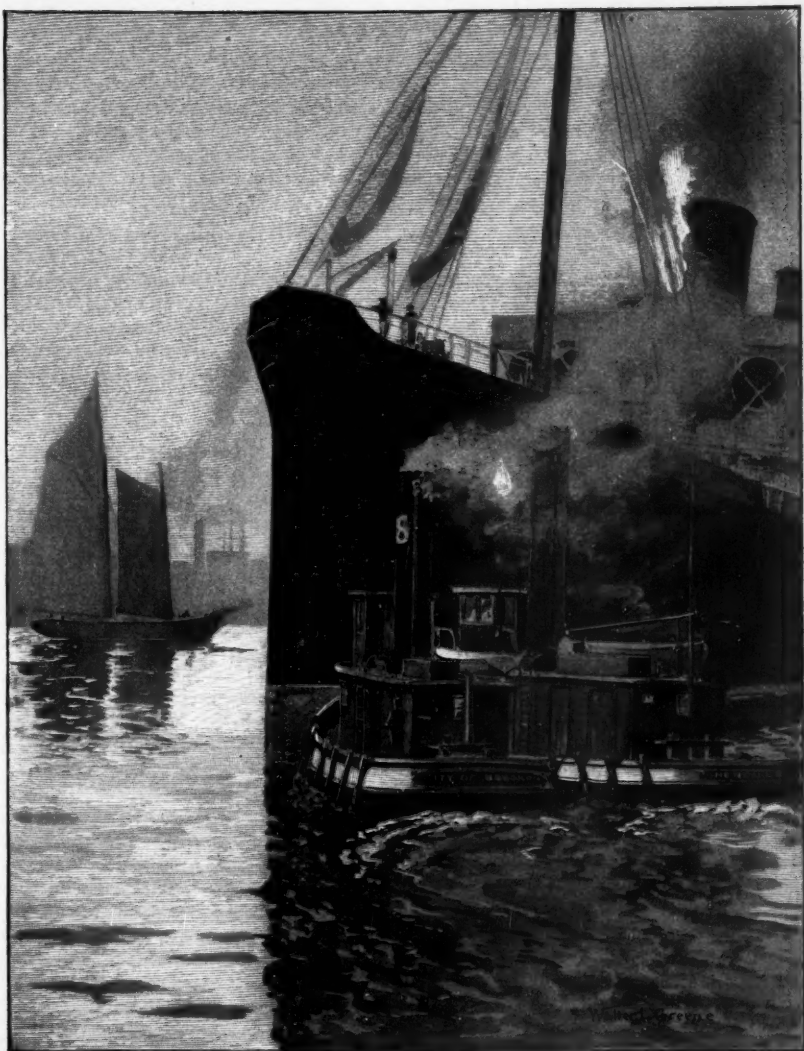
"And that is—"

"You are to write a book entitled "What I Think of John Bull, Esq., and His Estate." I would beg to have you know that it is high time this were done. The whole thing I tell you makes me hot. Here we Americans for the past fifty years have sat and twirled our thumbs, while the rag-tags and bob-tails of literary Europe have migrated to our shores, suffered a meteoric excursion-trip flight from New York to Harlem and back, and then returned to their villas on the Rhine, and given to the world their impressions on America and on the species of animals to be found there who sport the human spine. Now here is our chance for reciprocity. The task is a momentous one; I know of but a single individual who is a big enough fool to undertake it, and you're the man. Good-night. See you at the steamer."

And thus it was that Bates Gordon planned the book of my life that was to black-ball me forever from hobnobbing it with the forty immortals of the French Academy.

#### OUR PROCESSIONAL TO THE STEAMER.

But in this play it is not the book that is



DRAWN BY WALTER L. GREENE.

"BATES DRAGGED ME UP FOR'ARD TO SEE THE LITTLE IMPS OF TUGS BUTTING AWAY AT THE CUN-  
ARDEE'S BOW, FOKING HER NOSE AROUND SO THAT SHE SHOULD HEAD DOWN STREAM."



FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY BACON.

## TAKING THE PILOT ABOARD.

staged for the leading role. The vicissitudes of that little mistake of mine are what Mr. Kipling in this connection would term as quite another story. Perhaps some day I'll tell you all about it, even to the number of copies that were sold for old junk, and the list of duels I afterwards fought with enraged Englishmen. What I would beg to inflict upon you now is a somewhat irresponsible chronicle of what a fellow and a fool had to do with a certain voyage on a fleet Cunarder. It is the "run across" that plays leading lady.

On the morning we were to break hometies, Bates drove up to my marble-front estate in a hack about two hours before sailing time. I thought this very nice of him as otherwise we should have had to gone down on the elevated. Still, to a man who is in the habit daily of lining up to a counter for a quick lunch, a carriage and pair was a rare luxury, but as long as Bates was willing to stand the tariff I wasn't going to interfere. At least I thought he was to do the standing.

"Come, come, hurry up there, man," I heard him yell from the carriage. So I cut short a most distressing farewell scene with my janitor and went down to the curb carrying a cigar and an umbrella.

"Got everything?" says Bates.

"Guess so, all I need." My grip and trunk were already safely stowed away under the berth of our stateroom. I had travelled with Bates before and I knew from experience that the hack had never been built that could carry anything of mine after he had loaded it up with his truck. And sure enough there he was, crouching in one corner of the seat, his dress-suit case under him, a hat-box in his lap, and completely piled around with the worst amount of stuff I ever saw.

"Coming inside?" he asked, peering around the corner of a huge band-box.

As I didn't quite see the solution of his proposition, I mounted the seat with the driver and told him to let her go. So off we went, Bates waving his handkerchief in a most frantic farewell to his wife who stood at the window. Oh, I ought to have told you before that Bates was a married man. This accounts, you see, for his putting his feet on my lace curtains and throwing his cigar ashes around on my satin furniture. For some reason or other his wife objected to his indulging in these little comiorts at home.

We only made a couple of stops down town, one at the office that I might tell the firm to raise my salary while I was gone, and also that I might make our little urchin



of an office boy (who by the way is the best friend I ever had) happy with an extra dollar or so, and another at the bankers that we might get our letters of credit and exchange some few United States eagles for British lions, saving only enough of the former to throw away as our last American tips and to carry abroad to show as curiosities.

It lacked just half an hour of sailing time when our Jehu pulled in his horses under the dock-shed and I crawled down from the box. Bates immediately yelled for a porter and crowded his paraphernalia up the gang plank and down into the stateroom. Then he disappeared suddenly himself leaving me face to face with a hack-driver who had the look of about five dollars in his eye. It seemed to me that right here I might begin to act my part as a man of letters, who is presumably always impecunious. So I started to shave him down on the price but I chose an unbecoming moment for just then a most aristocratic looking old gentleman with two very fetching daughters moved towards the plank, and as it occurred to me that I might afterwards come to know them on the boat, I did not care to

be seen brow-beating a common hackster. A vision of beauty, you see, that cost me a full limit. And I didn't begrudge it either.

Then I myself climbed up the plank that lead to Europe.

#### WE GO ABOARD.

Bates, who had gone below to don his sea-rig, presently joined me at the rail in an outrageously loud plaid golf cap and a long travelling ulster strapped in at the waist like a bath-robe. Then we took the customary jaunt up and down the huge length of that 620 foot Cunarder just to sort of size things up. The time was opportune for Bates to spring one of his know-it-all moods on me, and he came to the mark bravely. Every three or four steps he would stop and with what he regarded as the proper technical name, call my attention to some part of the ship, or he would let me have broadside a lot of sea-going vernacular. Now between you and me and any honest alderman, Bates doesn't know the first thing about a boat, doesn't even know a boom from a bob-stay. This is what made me so confoundedly tired. So just to square things up I thought I would try a sea-phrase on



FROM THE PAINTING BY L. BLUME BIERERT.

"THE THIRD OFFICER SAID IT REMINDED HIM OF WHAT HE USED TO SEE YEARS AGO."

my own account. Spying an old, white whiskered chap taking snap-shots right and left on the deck, I pulled up alongside of him and with a feeble, excuse-me sort of a smile, said:

"Well, it looks as if we were going across pretty full."

"Er—er—what's that you say, sir?" stammered my friend taken back beyond measure. "I—I don't understand you—er," and then intelligence suddenly struck him and

but which my poor unvarnished and fool-self shrinks from as with the aversion to work. It is a bit beyond my class to describe so grand a spectacle as the sailing of an Atlantic liner, especially when it was the "Lucania," the greyhound of the ocean that holds the record passage from Liverpool to New York. What you will have to do is just to take my word when I say that of all the absorbingly interesting positions in the world, the one that wins hands down is the



FROM THE PAINTING BY J. L. STEWART.

"HE READ TO HER, SANG TO HER, SENTIMENTIZED TO HER, AND OH, DEAR, DID A TERRIBLE LOT OF OTHER FOOLISH THINGS."

he smiled blandly and said: "Oh, yes—yes—you mean the boat—yes—yes—indeed we are, sir."

Bates who thought he had scored one on me stopped his chuckling with a jerk and remarked:

"Let's go and watch the people at the gang-plank."

#### THE LAST HALF HOUR BEFORE SAILING.

To tell what happened during the next thirty minutes is the sort of a task which in my disguise of a pen-wielder I ought to hail with delight and execute with felicity,

one where you lean against the shore-rail of a big steamer the last half hour before she sails and watch the scene below you on the dock.

Across the gang-plank comes every type of a traveller from the man who has never crossed the pond before to the commercial buyer of some large business house who runs over three or four times a year; from the millionaire tourist, who with his family migrates every season to the European watering-places, to the steerage passenger, who with his bedding on his shoulders is going back to the "ould counthry" to get a

whiff of the shamrocks. A panoramic sort of a show indeed, but believe me, a very impressive one. It is not every one that can stand by, and without a moistening of the eye or a tightening of the throat, witness the last hand-clasps and the face-to-face looks between husband and wife, father and son, sister and brother, friend and friend. For right here, more than at any other spot in the world, lives become separated that never meet again.

At other points along the towering wall-like side of the vessel, the last pieces of freight and passenger baggage are being slid down the planks into the hatches by swift moving stevedores and deck-hands. Carriages and heavy teams drive up on the dock in rapid succession and then retreat to make room for their followers. Everywhere the spirit of excitement and the feeling that a great thing is taking place, hovers in the air.

#### WE SAIL.

A moment later and all the gang-planks were drawn ashore. Deck-hands moved silently to their posts, the sound of steam could be heard, escaping from a vent-pipe somewhere in the huge black hull, and the officers in their gold braid could be seen at their stations waiting for the word and appearing scarcely more concerned than if waiting for a summons to dinner.

Then a few quiet orders given from the bridge and repeated along the deck, such as "easy ahead there—cast off—all clear for'ard," the transmission of a message from the captain to the engineer, a creaking hawser or two, a slight motion vibrating the length of the ship, and then finally the dock-shed seems to be slipping by you and you know at last that the innate monster beneath you is slowly backing out into mid-channel, stern first.

Hardly a shout is heard from the wharf. The occasion somehow or other tightens men's throats and keeps them from sound. Hearts are too full for that. Only a mute black mass of individuals, waving as best they can their little pieces of white linen. That is all you see. And thus ties are broken. And thus many an invisible thread is snapped that has held two lives together, one on the ship, the other on the shore.

"Boy, we're off," and Bates' hand came down on my shoulder like a sledge hammer.

"Yes, so I see." I was not in the mood to be boisterous. I was thinking how inexpressibly sad it was to be alone in the world, and how much it would have meant to me then, could I only have distinguished amongst that throng on the wharf one single little handkerchief that I knew was waving for me. And then almost in answer to my thought, I heard coming from the very end of the dock, a shrill little yell:

"Good-bye, Mr. Furbush."

I fell against the rail like a shot and scanned the crowd. And at last I made him out, dear little devil, jumping about on top of a wharf-post, waving, for all he was worth, a dirty red cotton rag that passed with him for a handkerchief, and smiling his very best smile for a God-speed. Yes, you bet I saw him, and you bet I yelled back with all the yell that was in me. And I daresay those around me thought I was dead crazy, but I didn't care, for he and I were friends. Who was it? Oh yes, I forgot to tell you. It was our office boy, dear little devil.

The reaction which takes place after one has been through the strain incident to the farewells and the first actual moving of the liner, leaves one with lessened interest as to what afterwards occurs when the boat moves down New York harbor through the main ship-channel and out into the ocean. As she swung clear of the dock, Bates dragged me up for'ard to see the little imps of tugs butting away at the Cunarder's bow, poking her nose around so that she should head down stream. For without the assistance of these tugs, the great liners are helpless in turning about in so small a space. Then we stood for a while at the rail, noticing the familiar land-marks fade one by one from sight, doffing our caps to the Statue of Liberty as we passed, and watching the tender (which always accompanies a big steamer down the harbor) take off the pilot at Sandy Hook, yield up the ship's clearance papers and then swing around with a parting whistle for a farewell salute before she steams back to the great city we had left behind.

After that Bates and I went below to

straighten out our traps in the stateroom for the voyage.

#### ON THE VERGE OF THE DEEP SEA.

And a pretty pile of stuff it was too that that fellow had lugged aboard. You would have thought that we were going to put in a year across. Why with the truck that man had brought I could have dressed decently for a lifetime, and could furthermore have appeared daily as an honor to my country before the crown heads of Europe. But I will let the clothes pass. What held my attention among his belongings were two wooden boxes, one nailed up tight, the other perforated with small holes. He presently called the steward to open both, and if you'll believe one was filled with, I bet every remedy for sea-sickness that was ever concocted, while the other formed the cage for six or seven carrier pigeons. Surprised? well decidedly, but just like Bates. Then he wrinkled his face into a weak, apologetic sort of smile, saying:

"Little scheme of my own, Furbush. You see I kind of hated to be away from my wife so long without her hearing from me, so I picked up these birds at a bargain. I'll let one loose each day with a little note tied to its neck. Trained to fly home like an arrow, you know."

"Well, of all the fool schemes I ever—"

"Oh, let up," yelled Bates, "Don't you suppose I know what I am doing?" Then he got so mad, so real mad, that, hearing the bugle sound for dinner, I left him alone and started for the dining-saloon.

The head steward placed me in great shape, a cosy corner table away from the main aisle. At least he placed me after I had correctly placed a coin of the realm. Nice sort of a fellow too, he was. Knew at a glance that I was a bashful man and ought to be taken care of. He began this care by dropping a party of three opposite me on his next trip. Two of these were ladies. I could see skirts out of the corner of my eye, but with bowed head I kept right on toying with my mock turtle. That fellow knew again at a glance that those were just the kind of people that could take care of me. Then it occurred to me to look up, and when I did so I agreed with him, for I beheld the aristocratic looking old

gentleman directly opposite me with his two very fetching daughters on either side. Yes indeed, nice sort of a fellow, that head steward.

I was prepared to bide my time for a proper presentation, but the *pater familias* fully aware of the unusual privileges accorded to fellow-travellers, precipitated matters.

Adjusting his glasses in my direction, and tossing up a cent in his mind as to the probability of my being a gentleman, he favored me with the benefit of any doubt he may have had and cleared his throat for a few commonplaces. After which he honored me with the acquaintance of his daughters, the Misses Carisbrooke.

"Are you travelling alone?" the elder one presently asked, a ravishing girl with the easiest, frankest manner possible.

I was about to answer in the negative when I bethought myself that right here I could score one on Bates who had not as yet put in an appearance.

"No—not entirely. I have my private secretary with me. He has been detained in the stateroom."

Bates presently came in and it was with considerable fear and trembling that I presented him to my friends. Seeing that with them he passed as a servitor of mine, they were certainly very fair and considerate in their manner towards him, but I could see, and he at once saw, that they regarded us on different levels. And I could see also that before we reached Liverpool there was going to be trouble. But my foot once in, I'd see the game to the finish rather than give it up.

#### DOING AS THE ROMANS DO.

The situation did not at once, however, hasten on to a climax. A very distressing series of natural events were in the main responsible for this. You see, after leaving the Carisbrookes late in the evening, Bates and I had turned in. The turning in was a comparatively easy thing to do but the turning out the next morning was the worst imitation of a man arising that I ever saw in my life. In the first place, for more than half the night the steamer had been in a fog, a predicament that necessitated the letting loose of the demons of a fog whis-

tle once every moment. And it seemed to me at the time as if nine-tenths of the horrible sound came right in our port-hole. When I finally slept it was only to awaken very shortly to the consciousness that I was a fellow with a light head, if you know what that means. Bates I guess wasn't far behind me for presently a very feeble little kick struck the bottom of my berth, followed by a don't-care-whether-school-kept-or-not sort of a drawling whine.

"Sa-ay—you—up there. I wish—I was—home."

I was going to ditto his sentiments when the feeling suddenly came over me that in this life it really wasn't worth while to talk and that the quicker the darned ship went to the bottom the better. The hereafter, whatever it might turn out to be, couldn't be worse than the here. Bates just then discovered that his berth was a patent swinging one designed as a stratagem against the goddess of *mal de mer*, but like all similar inventions entirely ineffectual. One tremendous double rock in the cradle, and Bates brought it to anchor speedily with a heart-rending groan.

But I'm not going to tell you about what happened to the fellow and the fool the next two days. We really weren't fit subjects to know. Bates was far from a charming man to talk to. He had made himself a reservoir for about two dozen different kinds of anti-seasickness and in the end was nearer death than ever. Was growling all the time and asking in a most pitiful voice if this was what he was paying the Cunard company twenty-five dollars a day for. No, he really wasn't a nice fellow to know and I am sure that nothing he further said could interest you. And I trotted in the same class with Bates.

But the third morning out things were vastly altered. Bates woke up and wanted to call for lobster à la Newburg, a Welsh rarebit, an English monkey and a French baboon all in one, and every other delicacy he could think of. Had an appetite like a shark and swore he was going to get even with the Cunard company for the two days' sustenance he had lost. And I trotted in the same class with Bates.

We went up on deck looking I dare say a trifle bleached, but feeling chipper

enough. Of course we felt as though every one of those hundreds of persons who were sitting around on a promenade deck that had all the animation of a street scene about it, was looking at us with contempt for having shown the white flag, but we didn't care. We strolled away to a quiet corner of the deck so that Bates could let loose one of his pigeons with a scrap of paper containing the legend, "On the high seas, in high spirits, having a heigh-ho time, and traveling on a high roller." Bates was especially truthful concerning this last item for just then the "Luccania" shipped about half the ocean in one wave where we were standing, carrying Bates and his old pigeon coop about a rod or so along the deck. Then he went below to change his duds, while I, espying the Carisbrookes just coming out of the saloon, went up to apologize for not paying my respects to them for the past forty-eight hours.

"Thank you, Mr. Furbush," came from a little mouth with a mischievous smile, "but really we have not been 'at home.'" And then it occurred to me that in the slough of despond "there had been others."

#### IN MID-OCEAN.

The fourth day out we did any quantity of the things that ought to be done on a voyage. Bates was bound first of all to see every nook and cranny of that Cunarder from stem to stern, so under the guidance of the third officer, whose friendship he had been assiduously fostering for the past twenty-four hours or more by means of my cigars, we started on a tour of inspection. The opening jaunt took us aft to the portion of the ship assigned to the second class passengers, a body of humanity who seemed to me to fare about as well as we upper-crust creatures, with the exception that what they saved in cash they lost in self-respect. And let me tell you right here never to travel second-class. Either go saloon or steerage. If your bank account precludes the former and your pedigree the latter, then don't indulge in a European tour at all. A second-class passenger on an ocean liner, is neither fish, flesh, fowl nor a good, glad being. He neither enjoys the aristocratic feeling of the class above him



nor shares the honor-among-thieves security of the class below him. Yet he draws the contempt of both.

From the region of the second in line we went below another deck to the steerage realm, a little world in itself that on the big liners consists of anywhere from 600 to 1,000 persons. A very miserable looking lot of beings they were it is true, that is as far as the cut of their clothes went, yet it was in their part of the ship that I saw the liveliest scenes and the happiest faces. For they were Irish mainly and with an Irishman (especially when headed for his Emerald Isle) the sun is always shining. Still, despite their rough and ready jollity, their continuous singing and their boisterous dancing to the music of some miscellaneous instrument which one of their number might happen to have, you couldn't have got me to travel thusly, no, not even as a man of letters in search of material and local color, although the story goes that Robert Louis Stevenson once made a steerage passage for this reason. But I am not Robert Louis; I am just a chap with a great horror for things that creep and crawl. Our guide, the third officer, told us that these scenes of merriment in the steerage reminded him of what he used to see years ago when he was a deck-hand on a P. & O. Liner. In those days, he said, before the world got so devilish over-civilized and correct, the saloon passengers, too, used to enjoy a bit of fun.

From the steerage we went down into still lower regions, to the refrigerators and mail caverns where for a single voyage they carry 20,000 pounds of fresh beef, 30 tons of potatoes, 18,000 eggs and 2,000 sacks of mail, correspondence enough to require two trains between London and Holyhead to convey them to the steamer. A descend from here carried us down into the hell of the ship, the nether world that is filled with machinery and boilers and with those poor besmudged devils, who stripped nearly naked, work day and night feeding the monster fires that devour the coal as fast as they can shovel it.

#### THE POOL ON THE SHIP'S RUN.

It was on the fourth day also that Bates thought he was going to win the pool. For

those of you who have never been initiated, I would beg to say that on all ocean liners the accepted and the agreeable thing is to have a pool daily on the run of the ship for the previous day, the day of course being from noon to noon, when observations are taken. Every afternoon the gentlemen gather in the smoking room, and as many as desire enter the pool, paying from five shillings (\$1.50) up according to the average wealth of the crowd. If forty-one men go in they take 20 numbers each side of the average day's run of the ship. That is if she reels off an average of 535 knots a day, which the fleet "Lucania" does, then the numbers would run from 515 to 555. These numbers are drawn by the forty-one men. In the evening occurs the auction. The auctioneer sells in turn each of the 41 numbers (the owner having a right to bid on his own number and must do so if he wishes to retain it) the different numbers varying in value according to the belief of the bidders that it is a lucky or a likely one. For the highest and the lowest numerals the most lively bidding occurs, as these numbers are good for any number below the minimum or above the maximum, respectively. The holders of these two numbers can if they choose receive a handsome profit on them. The lowest is generally the favorite as there is always the extreme probability of machinery breaking down, ships in distress sighted, rough head winds, fogs and so forth. One half of the amount obtained for each number goes into the pool, the balance going to the holder of the ticket. The auction over (an affair generally of considerable merriment) the only thing remaining to be done is to wait until the day's run is posted the next noon. The holder of the lucky number then wins the pool, which consists of all the money originally paid for the tickets and one half of the amount obtained at the auction sale.

Aside from this main pool there are any number of side ones, according to the fancy of the passengers. Hat-pools, for instance, are frequently made on the hour the ship passes Fastnet Light going east or Sandy Hook going west. Also pools on the number of the boat from which the pilot is taken, on the rig of the

next ship sighted, or on the foot the pilot puts first on deck, etc., etc.

Well, as I was saying before my little disquisition on gambling, the fourth day out was the one on which Bates thought he had secured the winning number. If he hadn't he ought to have for the poor fellow had sat still all the previous day and over half the night, counting the revolutions of the twin screws and then figuring out on paper what the run ought to be. But Bates isn't a very good mathematician; at least we found out that the run when posted was 555 and Bates' estimate hovered somewhere around 475. Bates never told me this last number but I discovered it one day on a scrap of paper he thought he had thrown away.

#### ABOUT THOSE WHO THINK THEY CAN SING.

Another very memorable event of the fourth day occurred when a nice little girl with violet eyes of about twenty summers and a thousand sweetnesses, who was running a saloon concert for the benefit of a poor steerage woman whose husband had died the second day out, asked Bates to volunteer a song selection for the programme.

"What do you think about it, old man," he had asked me when the proposition was made to him.

Now Bates knows I've got about as much regard for that voice of his as I have for the fog whistle of a Cunarder, but he seemed to have forgotten this prejudice of mine in the excitement of the moment.

"I think it would be very noble of you to help them out," I replied, bravely. "Miss Carisbrooke, junior, says she thinks you have a perfectly charming voice."

Then Bates got hot, because—oh, I forget to tell you—because he had ceased to cultivate the society of the Carisbrookes. He couldn't stand their differential manner towards him. Told me he didn't fancy my friends, and had early in the voyage found others more congenial. Found one, for instance, the girl who was getting up the concert, whose devoted slave he was fast coming to be. I really believe that if she had lost one of her dainty duchess lace handkerchiefs overboard and had told him to order the Captain to stop the liner, he

would have done it. Carried her steamer-chair around under his arm and wouldn't let the deck steward touch it, took exclusive charge of her rugs, played shuffle-board with her, jaunted the promenade deck, morning, noon and night in her company, read to her, sang to her, sentimentized to her, and oh, dear, did a terrible lot of other foolish things, until at last I told him squarely that if he didn't check his pace I'd pinch one of his blooming pigeons and let it loose with something like this for his wife tied to its neck: "When your hubby gets home ask about a pair of violet eyes and a crown of golden curls."

Well, as I said, B. G. got hot when I told him what Miss Carisbrooke thought of his voice. Miss C., by the way, had only heard him on the sly croon a single strain of "Ben Bolt," and that was to the violet eyes. It was one moonlight night in a deserted corner of the hurricane deck; one of those two-souls-with-but-a-single thought nights.

"You may present my very best regards to *your* friend, and tell her that what she thinks of my voice doesn't interest me in the least." And Bates' face was not pretty to look at.

"Now, Bates, my boy, you ought not to say anything like that. You simply don't know how highly Miss Carisbrooke thinks of you."

"Highly? Rats. Lowly you mean. Gad, man, she treats me as if I were her butler or her coachman."

"Strange—I don't understand it." This musingly from me.

"Well then, supposing you do a fool thing and ask her what she means. You're capable of it."

"No, no, my boy, I wouldn't do that. But about the concert. You're doing the square thing. I hope you'll be in your very best voice. I'll be there."

And I was. And the affair went off grandly. I had only one criticism to offer. When you are looking for a musical performance where those who can sing won't, and where those who can't come in strong for half a dozen voluntary encores, let me commend you to one of those impromptu saloon concerts on an Atlantic liner.

## NEAR THE END OF THE RUN.

The last two days of the span 'twixt the continents passed quickly, indeed vastly too much so, for towards the end of a voyage, friendships and one's adaptability to one's environment, begin to ripen apace, and are only just on the verge of a perfect blending when the prospect of a tearing asunder looms up on the horizon simultaneously with the sighting of land. Bates had gone so far even as to ask the violet eyes on what date they were booked to sail home, and I don't quite remember, but it seems to me that in some way or other I could tell to the very hour the departure from Liverpool of the Carisbrookes in September. Oh, yes, everything was irreproachable and all the world was young. Bates had long since squared himself with the Cunard company's larder account, and was now keeping up a pace of three shockingly great meals a day to say nothing of a ten o'clock supper which was as near a demoralizing feast as a right-minded man ought to consume before turning in.

The last night of the voyage I remember the steward brought in to our table a huge steaming pot pigeon pie, so rare a dish, forsooth, that, when we had about half devoured it, I was tempted to ask him how they carried the birds, alive or in cold storage.

"Don't carry 'em at all, sir. Special case this trip."

"Why, how's that?"

"New pigeon found every day on a rail near cook's gallery. He took 'em in. Last day's run this, so he made up a pie. Had no other use for 'em, sir."

When I saw out of the corner of my eye that the truth was dawning on Bates I left the table. Walking on the deck afterwards, I jotted down that besides a cat there are other things that can come back.

The following morning on reaching the deck we found ourselves lying to off

Queenstown harbor with a tender along side taking off the Irish mail, the prodigal sons and the violet eyes.

Bates, who had overslept, made a dash for the gang-plank, just as her foot reached it. Yes, he really played a strong part in the farewell scene, the curtain ringing down when the ropes were cast off and the tiny steamer crawled away from the Cunarder for Queenstown, a speck of a white handkerchief waving valiantly from her deck. Then he came back to where I stood and referring to she of the violet eyes, reeled off some patent medicine formula.

"Gad, man, just to think that I may never see her again. Ah, but she was a vision of delight, a sight that would relieve the eyes, rest the feet, sweeten the breath, harden the gums, and sooth and allay all pain. I beg her pardon for my descriptive vocabulary but I am not cursed with the gift of proper expression."

Later, the same day, after a monotonous run up St. George's Channel, we made the landing-stage at Liverpool. And now there is nothing more to tell you except that Bates forgot at the last moment to tip the stewards, so he sent me back, and passing in review before a line of them, I did my little act nobly. With my own ducats, too. Oh, and one word more. In the fall, when we had ceased to be wanderers from our own firesides, Bates came around one night and adjusting his feet with the greatest possible care against an entirely new spot on my lace curtains, said:

"Say, Furbush, I hate awfully to ask you, but the fellow who threw up those passages on the "Lucania" has been dunning me terribly of late for his money, and—and can't you—will you, won't you—oh, I say, would you mind going it Dutch and stand the damage for one-half the cost?"

And that is how my guy, filibuster and fraud, Bates Gordon, took me abroad.



## THE PHOSPHORUS GHOST

BY WINTHROP PACKARD

**I**T is customary to admire the cleverness of intuition by which officers of the law run down a culprit and the sternness and grim determination with which they bring him to justice. Now sometimes this admiration is deserved and sometimes it isn't and that is why I tell this story.

An east wind blew down Margin street and across the docks of the Orbic Steamship Company. It bore all sorts of things on its briny breath and none were stranger than the motley crew that drifted and lurched like ill-steered boats along the rough sea of the pavement into the shipping office. Tramps, drunkards, and broken down fortune seekers, all were anxious to work or beat their way back to the old world, and behind the window of a little office a clerk was busy shipping them. There was but one decent appearing man in the lot and he was shipping under the name of Everton. No one would have known Sergeant Brick in the disreputable tramp who watched the crowd keenly under an air of sleepy indifference, but it was he, and he recognized Everton as the man he was looking for.

Everton seemed ill at ease. He carried a sack as did most of the others who were shipping as feeders. This sack was supposed to contain clothes. Everton's might, or might not, but he carried it on his arm

as one might carry a child. This excited the derision of another feeder.

"Hey," said he; "Look at de dude wid de fake baby."

Another pinched the bag. "Got any good stuff in there?" he asked. Everton turned away with more dismay than the affair seemed to warrant and Sergeant Brick noted this.

Farther up the dock the regular cattle men were goading and clubbing the wild eyed bullocks up a steep gangway from the train into the ship, for the "Wanderer" was a cattle steamer and was to sail that day. Conspicuous among these, by his size, strength, and the picturesque spontaneity of his profanity, was Ugly Bill, the foreman of the cattle gang. Ugly Bill was more than living up to his name.

The feeders were nearly all shipped now, and Sergeant Brick lurched to the window. The clerk took a memorandum of his appearance as the law provides.

"Height, five feet ten, weight, 160 pounds, dark hair, blue eyes; needs a shave badly," he went on facetiously, for the benefit of a companion. "What name?"

"Call me Jones," said Sergeant Brick.

The clerk started at the voice and looked keenly at the other.

"Sergeant Brick," he gasped; "You—



DRAWN BY JOHN J. HARLEY.

"LOOK AT THE DUDE WITH THE FAKE BABY."

you're not going to ship as a stiff? You can have passage you know. Let me ——"

Sergeant Brick held up a warning hand. "My name is Jones," he said; "and I want to work my way to England as a cattle feeder, see?"

The clerk nodded his head and Sergeant Brick passed up the gang plank with the other feeders and was haled aft by a perspiring and profane cattle man and shown a dark and ill smelling cubby hole just beneath the pound of the steam steering gear.

Everton was not among the squad that went down the narrow ladder and when he appeared on deck later he was without that bundle and wore an air of relief.

"'Ere stiffs," said the cattle man as the crowd reached the bottom of the ill smelling hole; "'ere's yer bloomink parlors. Don't you 'arm that carpet, and mind you air the beddink hevery day."

Beyond a few smashed and splintered board bunks the place was utterly bare. A little plantation darkey spoke up here. His name was Pete.

"See heah, boss," he said; "Whar's we gwine sleep? Aint got no beds heah." The cattle man whirled and with a lift of his heavy boot landed Pete in a heap in one corner.

"Wot t'ell you doink 'ere, monkey?" he said; "Go back to yer Heytalian. We don't 'ave no barrel horgans aboard ship."

The perspiring cattle man went back to the coercion of bullocks and Pete picked himself up ruefully.

"Foah de Lawd!" he gasped; "What's dishyer we's come to."

Pete's query was often voiced by the other cattle feeders as the ship rolled steadily eastward over the surges. Underfed, overworked, abused without stint by the regular cattle men, their lot was one of constant toil and degradation.

The first night at sea the feeders were called aft and divided among the regular cattle men, who were henceforth to be their lords and masters, privileged to unlimited physical abuse, the imposition of unending work, and such insult as unimaginative minds might suggest. All came promptly but Everton. The big foreman called the roll. There was silence at the

name of Everton and the foreman condemned the immortal portion of him to everlasting perdition, in pungent monosyllables.

"Where's that man Everton?" he cried; "Why don't he show up?"

"Hi called 'im," said a cattle man called Cockney; "'E was comink wen 'e listened down the 'atch hand went hoff down the ladder. Hi don't know wat 'e heard."

"I know what he will hear when he does come," said the foreman grimly anathemizing Everton both as to himself and his ancestors.

Fifteen minutes after Everton appeared.

"'Ere 'e is," said Cockney, with an expectant grin at the foreman. Ugly Bill wasted no words but turned savagely on the delinquent.

"Won't come when I send for you, eh? Got business of your own. Well, I'll show you!"

The sentence was punctuated by a swinging blow that had the double effect of sending Everton reeling against an open water cask and knocking little Pete head foremost into its cool depths whence his heels emerged a moment later and beckoned in wild but mute appeal for assistance.

"You'll be in my gang," said the foreman, "and I'll see that you learn to obey orders."

Everton wiped the blood from his face but he knew better than to reply. The lantern light threw weird glares on the sullen group, showing the rows of stupid-faced bullocks in their sheds, the disorder of the deck and the darkness of the ocean night through which the ship swayed onward, and Cockney lifting the nearly drowned darkey from the cask by his still feebly struggling heels.

"'Ere you 'ave it," he said; "A prize in hevery package. Lie there you stick of licorice," and he dropped the gasping Pete on a coil of rope.

The discipline of the ship having thus been exemplified the feeders were ordered to their hole under the rudder engine.

Jones brought Everton a handkerchief wet with cold water. "Hold this to your face," he said; "It will keep it from swelling." And this was his introduction to the man he had come to hunt.



An hour later Jones, who could not sleep from the rattle of the steering gear over his head saw Everton slip from his bunk and go up the ladder. He followed cautiously but lost his man on the deck and went back. A long time he lay sleepless thinking over the case. Everton was no doubt the man wanted but evidence was lacking. To keep an eye on this man, to worm from him his secret and to bring him back to justice, this was the task that he had set himself. As for Everton's strange action with the bundle, his disappearing down the hatch when called, and his slipping away from the bunks just now, he did not understand this at all, and the whole thing hammered itself into his head with the ceaseless pound of the rudder engine till morning.

At daybreak Everton was in the bunks with the rest of them.

As days passed it was evident that something troubled Everton greatly. He seemed very nervous and disappeared two or three times a day for a brief interval. By watching carefully Jones found that then, as at night, he disappeared among the hay bales and darkness of the hold. Jones prowled among the hay bales himself but found nothing there but dust and darkness. About this time he discovered that Everton had a bottle filled with hot water at the cook's galley, daily. This was no more comprehensible than the rest of it.

Then came the excitement about the ghost.

Pete was the first man to sound the alarm about this ghost and this was the way of it. The daily feeding of the cattle had opened a big hole in the hold and one day Pete went to the farther end for a bag of feed. A moment after he made a wild rush for the open light of the hatchway grovelling on the deck there with a face gray with terror.

"Oh, Lawd!" he cried; "I's done for. I's called, I is. De wite lady done gone called for me. Oh Lawd! Oh Lawd!"

At this Everton slipped quietly from the group into the gloom of the hold. The big foreman lifted the trembling darkey by the neck and condemned him to unspeakable

oblivion. "What's the matter with you," he roared. "Go back there and bring out that bag of feed."

"Foah de Lawd, boss, I can't do it! De wite lady in dere. De ghosset done call me." The foreman dragged the reluctant Pete into the hold followed by the gang, and threw him against the wall of feed bags at the farther end.

"There!" he said; "You take a bag of feed and bring it out. I'll tend to the white lady." Pete rose to his feet muttering and as he did so there came from the air about them a sad little wailing cry, followed by a shriek from Pete.

"Dar," he said; wat I done tell yer? De wite lady call us. Oh Lawd, we's done for, for suah!"

In the silence which followed the big foreman seemed to tremble and the faces of all were white in the dusk. Terror is catching and the men of the sea are superstitious. Again they heard that little wailing cry and with it was a weird crooning as of one who sang a minor lullaby. The ship seemed to shiver with the throb of the engines and Pete bolted for the hatchway followed by the others, stampeded. Jones followed too, not because he was frightened but to watch the ashy terror of the big foreman's face. He did not know, himself, what made this noise; but why was the foreman so especially afraid of it? He looked about on the startled group and missed Everton from it. Why should Everton continually disappear from the eyes of men? What was it that wailed in the hold, a place untenanted save of hay bales and feed bags? What had become of the big foreman's nerve? It was all a part of the mystery which seemed to infest the ship and which was so irritating.

He was no nearer the object of his trip than on the first day. Often he had sought confidences of Everton and had failed of them though the man seemed to like him and was indebted to him for many favors. Once he had played what ought to have been a trump card. In a rare half hour of leisure the two were lounging in the sun on deck. Isolation seemed to invite confidence and in the midst of desultory talk Jones had looked up and said:

"Do you know, I killed a man once myself."

Everton started and changed color.

"It was this way," said Jones; and he went on to tell a story like, yet unlike, the one in which he was sure Everton was implicated. Strangely like, yet enough unlike to suggest that the other should tell his own story in return confidence.

At its close he looked off over the flashing seas, apparently lost in thought, really waiting intently for the story which he was sure Everton could tell.

It did not come. Instead Everton had remained silent a moment, then rose to his feet. "It was a bad box to be in," he said. "Come, let's go down to work. Bill 'll be after us if we don't." Jones followed him to the lower deck, silent, and inwardly furious.

The ghost was a new problem added to the others and they and the hammering of the steam steering gear kept Jones awake nights.

In his wakefulness he planned to join forces with the ghost and see if the two could make Everton confess.

Jones had placed a good-sized canvas grip in the care of the ship's carpenter when he came aboard, and now he got from this grip a suit of overalls, a little box of chemicals, and a brush. High on the cattle sheds that crowned the hurricane deck there was, behind the boats, a nook secure from observation, and here he mixed his chemicals to a creamy paste and applied them to the suit with a brush. Then he placed the whole where the bright sun shone on them, and went to his work.

Two men seemed particularly affected by the superstition of a ghost in the Wanderer's hold. Everton, who grew daily more pale and nervous, yet seemed to desire work in the hold rather than to avoid it as did the others, and Ugly Bill, who now drove his men with no let up and was so fierce and unreasonable that he now and then surprised even the regular cattle men. The worst of his spite was wreaked on Everton, who bore the abuse in silence, though not without a look in his eyes that told Jones that he could strike back if pressed beyond endurance.

It was the curry-combs that brought

inatters to a crisis. The curry-combs are an old joke on cattle steamers, but are new to each successive crew of feeders, and afford infinite delight to the dull souls of the cattle men. The point of the joke consists in setting the feeders to work currying the bullocks. It is not only a useless and endless labor, but dangerous, as the bullocks resent the attention and are viciously ready of horn and heel.

Pete was the first victim of this, and wild was the hilarity of the cattle men at his shrinking from the task, his contortions in reaching the flanks of the cattle without danger from their heels, and his dismay of the tossing horns which he might not avoid.

Everton's turn came a few moments later. It was dusk now, and some work on the upper deck done, he was slipping, in apparently careless fashion, toward the hold. The foreman caught sight of him and called to him to stop.

"Here," he said, "where are you going?"

Everton hesitated. "Nowhere in particular," he said.

"Nowhere, eh?" sneered the foreman.

"Well, I'll send you somewhere. I'll send you—" Here the foreman named various compartments in the lower depths of the infernal region with picturesque fluency. "You take one of those curry-combs and begin currying those bullocks."

A giggle of delight rose from the cattle men as Pete rolled his eyes upon his new partner in misery. Everton picked up the curry-comb, flushed painfully under the useless indignity, and then cast it to the deck again with a clatter, facing the burly foreman, pale as death, but with a glittering eye, his hands clenched and his back to a stanchion.

For a moment Ugly Bill stood amazed at this unprecedented audacity. Then he drove a clean right-hander at Everton's head which would certainly have knocked him senseless if it had gone home, but it did not. Instead, it struck the stanchion with cruel force and Everton, ducking cleverly, caught the foreman a swinging upper cut on the chin. For so slight a man it was delivered with a telling force which bespoke training, and while the thus twice-wounded foreman staggered back amid a

general uproar Everton slipped away into the dusk of the hold. A moment after, Ugly Bill, furiously angry and forgetful of the "wite woman" ghost, followed.

Meanwhile, Jones's plan was matured. He had seen Everton leave his work on deck, and, slipping up to the nook behind the boats, he took his painted suit, already glowing a little with the coming of twilight, rolled it tightly, tucked it beneath his coat and hastened to the hold by another entrance. The daily feeding of the cattle had

the foreman. There was space here for a man to almost stand upright, and the north Atlantic twilight streamed in at a glass-covered porthole. Everton stopped here, and as the foreman approached, he turned like a hunted animal and dealt him a blow that, combined with a lurch of the ship, sent him into a heap by the bale which sheltered Jones in his phosphorescent suit. Thus it hapened as Ugly Bill staggered to his feet again there came from the dusk beneath the porthole that same wailing cry



DRAWN BY JOHN J. HARLEY.

"THE BIG FOREMAN GAVE A WAIL OF ANGUISH AND SANK UPON HIS KNEES."

more than half emptied this hold, and Everton's hiding place there, if he had any, must soon be laid bare. Jones clambered out of sight among the bales and bags and hurriedly donned his suit. It gleamed with ghostly phosphorescence, and while Jones contemplated it with some little pride, he heard some one clambering over the hay bales toward him. Jones slipped behind a bale and waited.

The comer was Everton. He was evidently in a state of great excitement, for he was muttering angrily to himself, and he was followed by another and burlier figure, which Jones recognized as that of

which Pete had said was that of the "wite woman," and at that moment he saw the ghost.

It was not such a bad ghost which the man Jones had conjured from a suit of overalls and luminous paint. In the gloom of the hold it glowed, a headless trunk which had arms but not hands, legs but not feet, and which seemed to glide in will-o-the-wisp fashion toward the bewildered pair. Jones had expected to have Everton alone, but it was now or never, and turning toward the man whom he intended should that moment seal his own guilt, he said in hollow voice:

"I am John Rawson. What did you do with the knife?" Everton stood motionless, looking hard at this apparition, and in the dusk under the porthole came again that wailing cry. Unmindful of the ghost, Everton turned at this cry and bent tenderly over the spot from which it came, but the big foreman gave a wail of anguish and sank upon his knees.

"Oh, my God, John!" he said; "I knew you would haunt me. I didn't intend to do it. I was drunk."

The voice of the ghost repeated in unvarying monotone: "I am John Rawson. What did you do with the knife?"

The kneeling figure swayed as if to fall, and a deep groan burst from its lips. "I didn't do it," it moaned; "I was drunk. There wasn't any knife. What do you want of it? Good God! It's in my box upstairs."

With a sobbing sigh, the burly foreman fell senseless on the hay bales.

To say that the animating spirit of the phosphorus ghost was surprised would be to put it mildly. Everton, the man of whom he was sure, had given no sign of guilt, and the foreman, who was unconnected with the case hitherto, had practically confessed his wrong.

There was a strange whirling of ideas in his head, and while he stood thus, lost in surprise, the wailing cry sounded once more, and Everton took something in his arms and stepped forward where the twilight streamed through the porthole full upon him. The phosphorus ghost lifted its handless arms in a climax of amazement.

"By the living Jehosiphath," it said; "it's a baby!"

"Yes," said Everton; "it's mine. I had to take it with me, and there was no other way. The dust and darkness here are making it ill." He seemed to ignore the phosphorescent suit and the motionless form of the foreman, as he looked tenderly at the child.

"Did you hear all that man said?" asked the other.

"Yes," said Everton. "He seems to be the man you want. You were clever to catch him that way." The man called Jones had his own idea about this particular bit of cleverness, but he did not voice it.

"Come," he said; "you and I and the baby are passengers from this out."

Everton burst into tears. "Good God!" he cried; "can you manage it?"

"I am Sergeant Brick of the Metropolitan police," said the phosphorus ghost, "and I can manage anything."

The cattle men, flanked by the stiffs, had just gotten up sufficient courage to enter the hold as Sergeant Brick, unmindful of his costume, started for the hatchway, followed by Everton bearing the baby. At sight of the apparition there was a chorus of yells, and the hysterical Pete, flying from the skirts of the crowd, whither irresistible curiosity had drawn him, fairly bombarded the boatswain, who had just come down the hatchway.

"Donnerwetter!" gasped the latter. "Was fur Himmel you bumps me all ofer so, eh?" but Pete still clung to him. "Vy you ton't get away, you scharznigger, you?" he went on and then the crowd of cattle men burst from the hold and swarmed up the hatchway ladder fleeing hither and thither to the further amazement of the bombarded boatswain. "Der tuyfel peen dis lot of gow punchers in, I dinks," he growled, and just then Everton stepped into view. The boatswain held up his hands in amazement.

"Got in Himmell!" he stammered; "it peen von leedle schild!"

The officer of the watch, promenading the reeling bridge with steady step stared open mouthed at the strange pair and the steersman let the ship fall off three points, a thing unprecedented in the annals of the company.

"Heavenly cats," he said; "it's a kid!"

The captain of the Wanderer, a grizzled bearded bachelor, was busy in the chart room and looked up with impatience. He had a considerable vocabulary of sea terms at his command, had this captain, and he came near using some of them when the disreputable figure in the phosphorescent suit stepped within his door.

"I am Sergeant Brick of the Metropolitan police," it said quietly. "I wish to engage passage for the rest of the voyage."

The self control habitual to a man long in authority prevented the captain from speaking his thoughts here.



"Can you show anything to prove that statement?" he inquired with a dangerous suavity.

Sergeant Brick produced some documents. "Will you read these sir?" he said respectfully; "I shipped as a cattle feeder for the purpose of detective work. That work is now done."

The captain looked up from the documents and for the first time saw Everton.

"I wish also to engage passage for these two," said Sergeant Brick. The captain sprang to his feet.

"Mother of Moses!" he shouted; "it's a baby!"

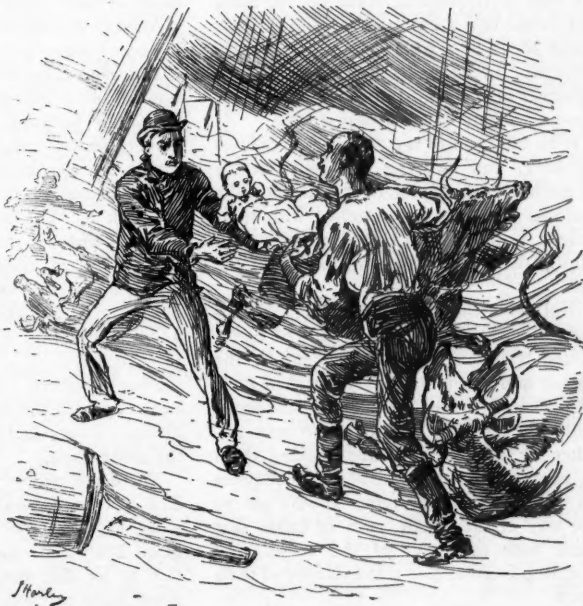
Within twenty-four hours Everton's baby owned the ship. The three now occupied a stateroom, were respectably clothed from the bag which the Sergeant had withdrawn from the care of the ship's carpenter and dined and supped well. As for the baby, the entire ship's company conspired to murder it with attention. In return it humanized and softened everybody that came near it.

Even the bruised and thoroughly frightened foreman, the self confessed slayer of John Rawson, crept from the hold and promptly fell under the spell of Everton's baby. His excuses for getting sight of the little one and his awkward attempts to propitiate it made Sergeant Brick smile outwardly and sigh within as he thought of the day to come when the irons must go on this man's wrists. Time enough for that when they were nearer port, poor fellow! He should have his day or two more of freedom.

The halcyon days had come on board the

"Wanderer" with the reign of The Infanta.

A day west of the English channel they ran into very heavy seas followed by a stiff gale and the "Wanderer" began to roll tremendously. On the upper decks the cattle sheds were exposed to the full swing of the seas and it took skill and judgment on the part of the steersman to keep the ship so headed as to prevent these seas from breaking aboard and destroying the deck fittings. It took skill and vigilance on the part of the cattle men and feeders to keep



DRAWN BY JOHN J. HARLEY.

"THE BURLY FOREMAN CAUGHT EVERTON'S BABY AND TOSSED THE WEE BUNDLE TO SERGEANT BRICK."

the cattle on their feet and in this the surly foreman was omnipresent and almost omnipotent. Again and again he excited the admiration of Sergeant Brick by his force, courage, and ingenuity, and he understood how the company came to give one whom he had thought a mere brute, the position he held.

Everton, the sergeant, and all the crew who could be spared were working with the cattle men as volunteers now, and in place of brutishness a rough courtesey and



good will prevailed. Meanwhile the storm increased in violence and in spite of the cleverness of the steersman a great wave now and then broke aboard with tremendous shock. The foreman shook his head.

"If the seas break down them cattle fittings and let them steers loose in the between-decks," he said to Sergeant Brick, who was working fiercely at his elbow; "you'll see hell on board this ship. Yes sir, that's what!"

As if in confirmation of this speech a mountain of water reared above the ship, fell with a tremendous crash on the deck, and swept half a hundred cattle and their plank sheds in a wild swirl of water into the space between decks where the iron bulwarks kept them from going overboard. A scene of satanic confusion ensued.

With each roll of the ship, water, broken planking, and bullocks mad with terror swept from side to side of the steamer, the bullocks crushing one another with their weight, stabbing with the long horns, and adding their frantic bellows to that of the gale.

And now the surly cattle men, seemingly all brutes and bullies, showed unexpected traits. Keen and cool amidst the uproar and excitement they watched their chances and rushed among the maddened bullocks, catching now one and now another by the head rope and rushing them to safety as the ship poised for a moment on an even keel, springing nimbly out of the way of the deadly rush of cattle that came with each roll of the vessel, and laughing in grim glee at the danger of their work.

Then a strange thing happened. A pinnacle of wave that seemed small compared with its giant brothers yet contained tons of water leapt the rail of the ship, swept along a narrow passage, burst in the door of the stateroom in which the baby had been left in apparent safety and, resurgent, bore the helpless child into the waist of the ship among the wild hurly burly of the wreck. It was all done in the twinkling of an eye and no one knew what had happened until an officer on the bridge pointed frantically into the waters that surged about the feet of the crazy steers.

Already the vessel trembled on the verge of one of those tremendous rolls.

The burly foreman sprang from his position of safety where he was watching for the lurch to pass, breasted the already moving waters, caught Everton's baby, and tossed the wee bundle to Sergeant Brick who balanced on the verge of destruction to catch it. The next moment, with the inrush of another great wave the loose cattle, the deck fittings and the already crushed and senseless form of Ugly Bill passed over the rail to leeward into the white commotion of the waters and were seen no more.

The Wanderer, reaching port two days later, reported the loss of part of her cattle fittings, forty steers, and the foreman of the cattle gang.

There are people who say that if Ugly Bill had been locked in the ship's brig when his guilt was first disclosed to Sergeant Brick he would not have escaped justice as he did; but then the baby would never have reached port.

## MISS MARY

Oh, whar you gone, Miss Mary,  
Ez sweet ez sweet kin be;  
I has ter ax de Moonlight  
Ter light you home ter me.

De Moonlight say: "Miss Mary  
Des sweet ez honeycomb,  
En whut you gwine ter give me  
Ef I light Miss Mary home?"

Oh, Mister, Mister Moonlight,  
Shine 'long de pastur' bars  
En ef you light Miss Mary home  
I'll give you all dem stars!

Oh, Mister, Mister Moonlight,  
I love Miss Mary so,  
I makes my good respec's ter you,—  
Des take yo' stars en gol!

Frank L. Stanton.

## HOW ROBERT ORR CAME BACK

BY M. L. CUMMINS

THE Cunard landing stage at Liverpool was a scene of seeming chaos as the first tender from the in-coming *Etruria* gave up its living freight. Friends who had not met for years clasped hands or embraced regardless of curious eyes, while others, whose first glimpse it was of the mother country, looked about with interest.

Through the confusion and hustle a curious little figure pushed breathlessly. She was probably forty-five years old, but still retained traces of a beauty which must have been almost childishly perfect a quarter of a century before. Blue eyes, round and wide, looked out on the world with a vaguely anxious gaze. Hair, once yellow as a canary's wing, now lay in drab puffs on her forehead, and was crowned—one could not say covered—by a small straw hat with a wreath of blue-bells, the fashion of twenty years gone by. Her dress was blue, and the childishly small hands clasped a faded blue parasol.

With amazing strength for one so small and fragile, she elbowed her way through the crowd to where a tall, brawny Irishman was handling ropes.

"Brian!" she gasped, "Oh, Brian, am I late?"

"Faith, no, Miss," Brian answered soothingly, "shure it's only now the passengers are beginnin' to land."

As she eagerly scanned the faces around her, the man, Brian, turned with a wink to a tourist who stood near him, and laid one finger significantly on his forehead.

"Who is she?"

Brian removed his cap and mopped his wet forehead, glad of the chance to stand still for a moment.

"Bedad, I don't know no name for her but just Miss Patience, and that's not her right name, naither. But they do be sayin' that she have met every steamer that's come in from America for the last twenty years, always lookin' for some one

that don't be comin'. Any how, be that as it may, in the six year I have worked on this wharf, she do be here ivery day whin passengers are landin', and I niver knew her to be late before."

Meanwhile little Miss Patience was slowly retracing her steps up the long wharf towards the street. Her lips moved. Mechanically she was repeating to herself, as she had done after every fresh disappointment for twenty years: "There will be another steamer in to-morrow." But to-day there was an added sting; she had been late—for the first time she had been late, and if he *had* come to-day she might have missed him.

It was a few days later that Brian bade little Miss Patience a cheery good morning as she walked slowly up and down the wharf. The sun was turning the wavelets of the *Mersey* into myriads of diamonds, and everything lay bathed in June beauty and sunshine.

Miss Patience put up the blue parasol to shade her eyes, and watched a tender which drew near the landing stage.

"Easy ahead!"

It was the Captain's voice as she had heard it so many hundreds, nay, thousands of times. It had all happened so often before. Brian hauling on the ropes; the gang-way being pushed in; people coming on shore, just as usual—just—as—usual—Miss Patience reeled, and caught at a truck behind her for support.

A man had stepped off the steamer. A handsome man, still in the prime of life, followed by a plump, pretty woman and a tall girl of eighteen. "Prosperity" was plainly written on the three well-clad figures. But the strained eyes of the watcher saw naught of the two women; saw no one but him.

For a moment all power to move had left her, but with the sickening fear that she might lose him in the crowd strength returned. People gave way before the

awful, strained look in her faded eyes as she pressed forward. Her hand was on the man's arm.

"Robert!"

He started and looked down at the queer little airy figure. Then something like horror crept into his face.

"You don't know me!" she cried piteously, "you don't know your little Blue-bell!"

"My God!"

The words broke from his lips as the full meaning of what met his gaze entered his brain.

She was clinging to his hand; with piteous, trembling lips and agonized eyes upraised to his.

Instinctively Robert Orr glanced over his shoulder. His wife and daughter were saying "Good-bye" to some acquaintances made on the voyage over. He looked down again at the figure at his side, and a sense of familiarity in the attitude, long ago forgotten, swept over him.

"Of course I remember you—Lucy," he said, hurriedly.

"Oh, say Blue-bell, as you used to!" she pleaded.

"Blue-bell," he said pitifully, laying one strong hand over the thin, trembling one on his arm.

A heavenly light came into the round eyes. Miss Patience swayed away from him suddenly.

"Look out there!"

Robert Orr darted forward, as did half-a-dozen other men, but it was too late. bewildered by joy and excitement little Miss Patience had not seen the heavy truck laden with baggage. Quite still and unconscious she lay where the cruel wheels had passed over her. People pressed forward, Robert Orr's wife and daughter among the rest, as he tenderly lifted the little form in his arms.

"Oh, poor thing! Who is she? How did it happen?" Mrs. Orr exclaimed, sympathetically. "Your father is carrying her, Edith; we had better wait here until he comes back. Bless his kind heart!"

That afternoon Miss Patience lay in a cool, private room at one of the large hospitals. Her little wrinkled hands rested

like withered snow-drops on the white counterpane, a plain silver ring, with the word "Mizpah" in blue enamel, encircling the third finger of one; promise of the gold band which had never come to displace it.

"You remember—the little ring, Robert?" she said faintly to the man at her side; "and how you—always kissed it—when we—said—good night?"

Robert Orr bent and laid his lips on the small wrinkled hand. The woman's eyes filled with weak, happy tears.

"I knew—you—would come—back for me—when the—home was—ready—as—you—promised," she whispered. "It has been—a long time—waiting—but I don't—mind—now that—you—have come!"

The man covered his eyes with his hand. This was what it had meant to her, the little silver ring and the promise—so lightly given—"I will come back for you, little Blue-bell."

"I think—I could—rest—now," she said again. "Dear Robert—I knew—you—would—come back—as—you—promised."

She tried to raise the hand with the little ring towards him, but strength had gone. A few minutes later Miss Patience closed her eyes and fell asleep.

Robert Orr left the hospital, when they told him that she would not wake again, and went to the hotel where his wife and daughter awaited him.

"I shall have to stay in Liverpool for a few days," he said. "After that, will Edith mind if we change our plans and leave England for the Continent at once?"

"Of course not, dear," Mrs. Orr hastened to reply, and added afterwards to her daughter:

"It has been rather painful for your father returning to this city with which he has so many boyish associations. And that poor woman who was hurt this morning, Edith dear, do you know that your father found out he used to know her years ago, long before he came to the States? Strange, wasn't it?" And Mrs. Orr sighed sympathetically.

Two days later, when Miss Patience was laid in a quiet corner of the cemetery, Robert Orr returned alone after the funeral, and placed a basket of blue-bells on the fresh earth.



FROM THE PAINTING BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON (LADY BUTLER).

"SCOTLAND FOREVER!"

## HEROISM ON THE BATTLEFIELD

BY SARA C. BURNETT

A VETERAN of our civil war once said, that it is harder for a soldier to be good than for a man engaged in any other occupation. The remark is a grim commentary on the demoralizing influence of warfare, by one whose experience had made him an authority. General Sherman's statement that "war is hell," is believed by all who have had personal experience of great conflicts. Yet it is undeniable that there is an intense fascination about warfare for most people. We have a vague idea that war is a wrong thing, but when it has once been actually declared, there is a sneaking delight and exultation in the minds of many.

Is this a remnant of the yet untamed savagery inherited from generations of brutal ancestors, or is it really pride of country and delight in heroism? All down the ages the soldier has been a picturesque and extolled being. No other has received from his country so much honor, none is held in higher esteem. To be a soldier in olden times was to be a gentleman; to be a merchant was to be a plebeian.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was obliged to despair of invading England, he said in

his wrath that his foes were "a nation of shop-keepers." And there is an ostensible reason for this distinction between warfare and trading, in that the traders' life is supposed to be one of purely selfish gain, while the soldier's is for glory and the defense of country. Horrible as war is, its annals are full of heroic incidents and self devotion. The man who takes his life in his hand is always an imposing figure, whether he be a fireman in a burning building, a rescuer of a sinking ship, or a soldier on the battlefield.

What is the kind of courage needed in such places, and how many of us would have it if we were called upon? Which of us could be like Lord Nelson, who, when he was a boy and a midshipman, attacked a polar bear with a handspike and when he was reproved for it by his Captain, told him, and truthfully, that he did not know Mr. Fear? There is, however, much physical courage for which the possessor deserves little credit. It is the man who is really afraid and yet stands his ground, who is to be commended.

General O. O. Howard said recently in a speech: "When I found myself at the

front my knees went from under me, and I had to kick myself. Well, what did I do? I just lifted up my heart and cried, 'God help me to do my duty!' and I got strength from the divine power." Here were two brave men, Nelson with natural physical courage and Howard with mental and spir-

itual strength, which raised him superior to his faltering physical nature. In the awfulness of war, it is a relief to let the mind dwell now and then on the heroic deeds which are only possible at such times. That these occur only then, is no more excuse for war than that the self sacrifice and beneficence which is called forth in the case of an epidemic or disaster of any kind, can be called a palliative for such events.



FROM THE PAINTING BY E. DETAILLE.

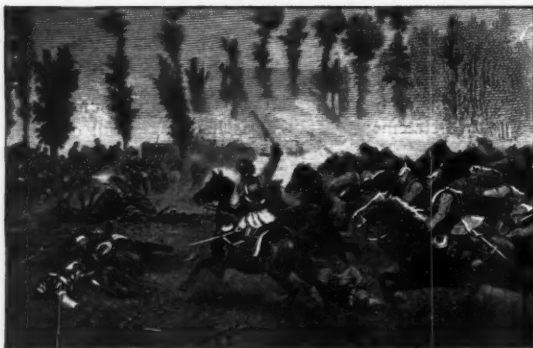
#### SALUTING THE WOUNDED.

Let us take some examples of manly courage from Napier's famous "Peninsular War," a book which gives a graphic account of the campaign inaugurated by the English in Spain against the power of the great Napoleon.

At the end of the storming of Badajoz, after speaking of the officers Napier says: "Who shall describe the springing valor of the Portuguese grenadier who was killed the foremost man at Santa Maria? or the

martial fury of that desperate rifleman, who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword blades, and then suffered the enemy to dash his head in pieces with the ends of their muskets." Again, at the Coa, "a north of Ireland man named Stewart, but jocularly called "the

Boy," because of his youth, nineteen, and of his gigantic stature and strength, who had fought bravely and displayed great intelligence beyond the river, was one of the last men who came down to the bridge, but he would not pass. Turning round he regarded the French with a grim look, and spoke aloud as follows: "So this is the end of our brag. This is our first battle, and we retreat! The boy Stewart will not live to hear that said." Then striding forward in his giant



FROM THE PAINTING BY E. DETAILLE.

#### ATTACK ON A CONVOY.

might he fell furiously on the nearest enemies with the bayonet, refused the quarter they seemed desirous of granting

and died fighting in the midst of them. "Still more touching, more noble, more heroic, was the death of Sergeant Robert McQuade. During McLeod's rush this man, also from the north of Ireland, saw two men level their muskets on rests against a high gap in a bank, awaiting the uprising of an enemy. The present Adjutant-general Brown, then a lad of sixteen, at-

\* \* \* \*

At the end of the storming of Badajoz, after speaking of the officers Napier says: "Who shall describe the springing valor of the Portuguese grenadier who was killed the foremost man at Santa Maria? or the



tempted to ascend at the fatal spot. McQuade, himself only twenty-four years of age, pulled him back saying, in a calm, decided tone, 'You are too young, sir, to be killed,' and then offering his own person to the fire fell dead pierced with both balls."

\* \* \* \*

There is so much color, life and movement about war that it has always proved an attractive theme for artists. De Neuville and Detaille among Frenchmen, have devoted themselves almost exclusively to the delineation of military scenes, and Miss Elizabeth Thompson, now Lady Butler, has won fame for herself in the same line. The daughter of an English officer, she had no lack of opportunity to study the figures and scenes she wished to depict. She was comparatively unknown however, when



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. BEAUQUESNE.

SAVING THE FLAG.

she sent her painting of "The Roll Call," a reproduction of which we present, to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It is not often that the work of an unknown artist submitted to the rigorous judges which usually form the committee on admission of the Royal Academy, is received with enthusiasm. But this picture was so excellent in drawing and composition, and the feeling of it was so pathetic and so thoroughly British in sentiment, that the committee was taken off its feet for the time

being. After formally voting on the picture, they all stood back from it for a few moments and then took their hats off and gave three cheers. The Prince of Wales mentioned it in warmest terms at the dinner which followed and the young artist awoke the next morning to find herself famous.

The subject is a scene in the Crimean War of 1854-5. There has been a hard day of fighting and the ranks have been thinned

by wounds and death. What remains of the regiment is drawn up to answer to their names in the roll call, and as we look at the picture, no words are needed to describe the fearful silences which occur when well known names are called and the thoughts of the wounded and battered survivors.

There is a story told about a cavalry regiment who had to answer to a

roll call in this way, and one rider who had a favorite horse had met his death that day, but when the roll was called and the well known name was said, the horse who had so often responded to the sound stepped forward in answer.

The wounded on the field of battle are always held in honor and a scar on the cheek, or a loss of limb sustained in defense of country, is and ought to be a badge of honor. The picture we give of "Saluting the Wounded" expresses this feeling. The

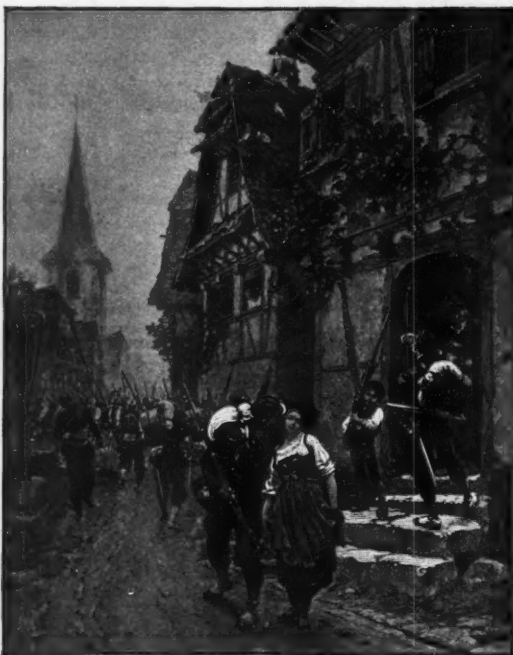
soldiers look like Germans and we remember how the Emperor Frederick William, the father of the present emperor, endeared himself to his army in the Franco-Prussian war by going the rounds of the wounded soldiers' bedsides in person.

The picture of "The Last Cartridge" might be another scene in the same campaign. These desperate soldiers who are firing their last cartridge may be despairing Frenchmen pursued and defeated by the victorious Prussians. The village which is the theatre of such a conflict is truly unhappy and the soldiers are indeed undergoing severe tension. The men who have to make a stand and receive an attack, lack the inspiration of movement.

\* \* \* \*

It is wonderful what courage has been displayed by soldiers moving in masses, all seemingly animated by one spirit. A cavalry charge like that portrayed in Miss Thompson's picture of "Scotland Forever" must be a magnificent sight,

and an oncoming rush like this of horses and men one would think to be well nigh irresistible. In our own



FROM THE PAINTING BY E. DE NEUVILLE.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.



FROM THE PAINTING BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON (LADY BUTLER).

THE ROLL CALL, CRIMEA, 1854-5.

war with England in 1812 and in the battle of Lundy's Lane under General Winfield Scott, there was a brave charge made. Upon the hill-top was a battery of seven guns held by fifteen hundred men. Colonel James Miller had but three hundred men at his disposal, nevertheless in response to General Brown's command, "that battery must be silenced! I want you to take it," he simply replied, "I'll try sir."

He and his men steadily proceeded up the hill under fire, dashed upon the gunners, drove them off and took the battery. Another charge which must always strike us as pathetic, was that of General Pickett at Gettysburg. The confederate, General Longstreet, wrote in "The Century": "Gettysburg was one of the saddest days of my life. I foresaw what my men would meet and would gladly have given up my position rather than share in the responsibilities of that day. It was thus I felt when Pickett at the head of forty-nine hundred brave men marched over the crest of Seminary Ridge and began his descent of the slope." General Pickett must have known of the almost hopeless character of his attempt before he made it, but if he had suc-

ceeded, he might have changed the fortunes of that terrible last day of the great fight. Colonel Alexander, writing in "The Century" says, that Pickett's men advanced in the teeth of a "terrific infantry fire. They never faltered, but opened fire at close range, swarmed over the fences, were swallowed up in smoke—and that was the last of them."

One of the most memorable events, in history, which Tennyson has immortalized in his "Charge of the Light Brigade," occurred in the Crimean war. The French and English were allies and in defense of the "unspeakable Turk" had invaded Russian territory. The allies were besieging Sebastopol and a large body of Russians moving in the direction of Balaklava, were met and repulsed in magnificent style by the 93rd Highlanders and the Heavy Brigade of the British Cavalry. The Russian army retreated and made a stand at some distance under the protection of thirty guns. The British officer commanding the Light Brigade received a written order to move his forces nearer to the enemy, which by some fatality he misunderstood as a direction to charge the enemy. The Light



FROM THE PAINTING BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

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THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC, MARCH 9TH, 1862.

Brigade received the order and prepared to obey, but each man knew that there was a terrible mistake somewhere and that for them it would mean riding into "the jaws of death." Nevertheless they started their horses in fine style to gallop the mile and a half which separated them from their enemies. As they proceeded their pace accelerated and they met the Russian guns with a tremendous attack, cutting down the gunners and scattering squadrons of cavalry, then they turned and cut their way back to their former position. The whole thing occupied scarcely half an hour. Six hun-

the Eagle which the devoted veterans carried in the midst. One of the officers taking what seemed to be some advantage in the position of the ground, halted the Standard Bearer and called out "To me Chasseurs! save the Eagle or die around it!" The Chasseurs rallied around him, lowered their bayonets, succeeded in repulsing the cavalry and finally bore the standard in safety from the field.

\* \* \* \*

We do not need war as a theatre for heroism. Our whole life is a warfare in an-



FROM THE PAINTING BY E. DE NEUVILLE.

#### THE LAST CARTRIDGE.

dred and seventy men made the charge; only one hundred and ninety-eight came back.

\* \* \* \*

In the spirited picture of "Saving the Flag" the cavalryman in the height of battle has just rescued the prized emblem, and shot dead the ruthless hand who would cause it to fall. On the famous field of Waterloo, when all hope for the French was lost and they were beginning to flee, the Chasseurs of the Old Guard were among the last to leave and were vigorously assailed by Prussian cavalry, who sought to capture

other sense. War with the evil within and without us, war with cruelty, injustice, greed, falsehood and ignorance. These let us battle with until we die, but let our weapons be those of the spirit and not of the flesh and may our hand never be raised against our brother man in hatred or in vengeance, but rather let it be raised in love and helpfulness. Then shall the time soon come when "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks, nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. H. OVEREND.

AN AUGUST MORNING WITH FARRAGUT.

## A SONG OF THE CAMP

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers  
cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camp allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay grim and threatening under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:  
"We storm the forts to-morrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon;  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—  
Their battle eve-confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not  
speak,  
But, as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

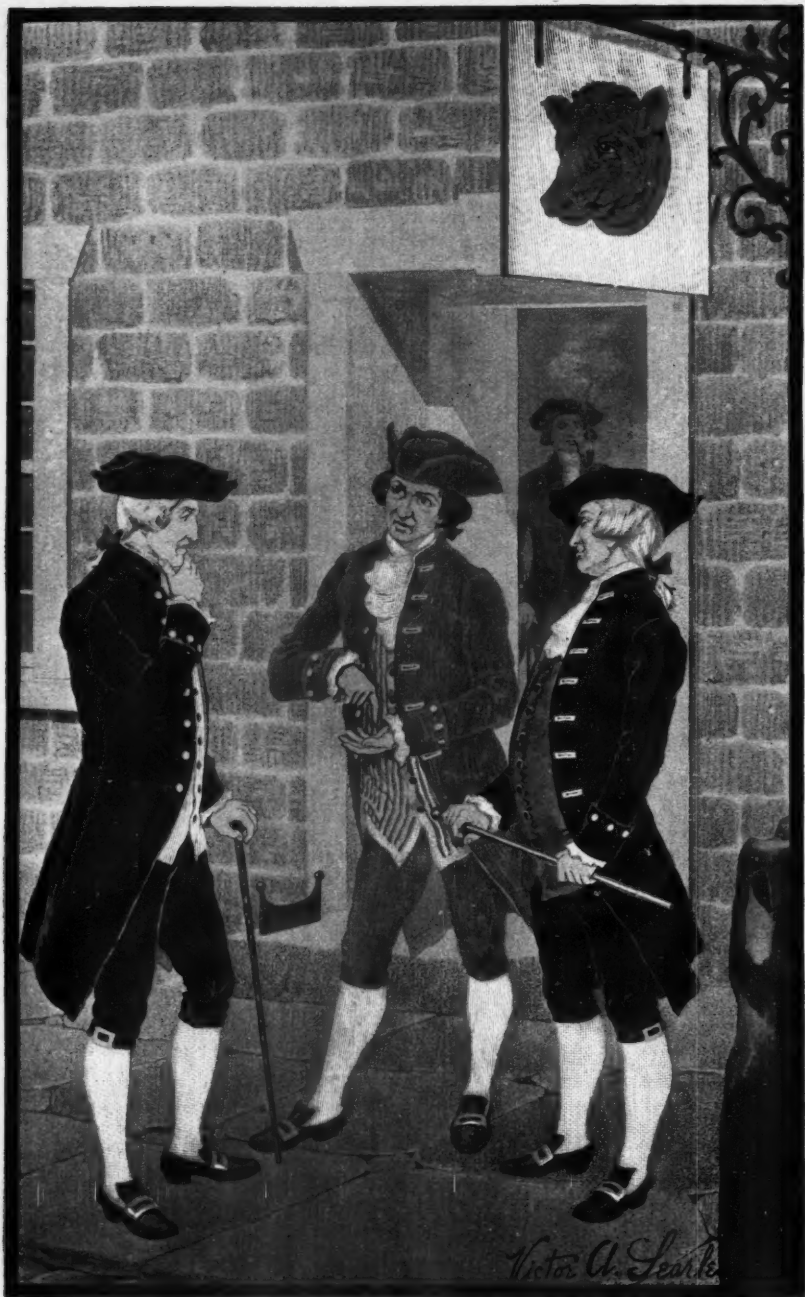
And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot and burst of shell,  
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Oh! soldiers to your honored rest  
Your truth and valor bearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest,—  
The loving are the daring.

*Bayard Taylor.*





It was a bright morning the 6th of April, 1789, when three stately figures in wig and knickerbockers solemnly marched down the oak steps of the city hall and over to Bull's Head Inn to announce deliberately and officially in concert, between pinches of snuff: "There is a quorum at last."



## MEMORABLE SCENES IN OUR FIRST CONGRESS

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



**E**VENTS of the past few months have caused an uninterrupted interest in the deliberations of the American Congress. International issues have developed latent forces in our legislative curriculum that will have notable mention in history. Not since the stirring periods of the civil war has congressional oratory risen to such commanding heights. There have been, in truth, memorable addresses, in fact such a number, that it is difficult to choose the superlative efforts; history alone affects its equation. The welding of the fraternal ties of unity between the North and the South has been one of the important results, despite the shadows cast by petty personal and political bickering, and the display of boyish temper which called forth the silver mace.

### HISTORY OF THE FIRST SESSION OF CONGRESS.

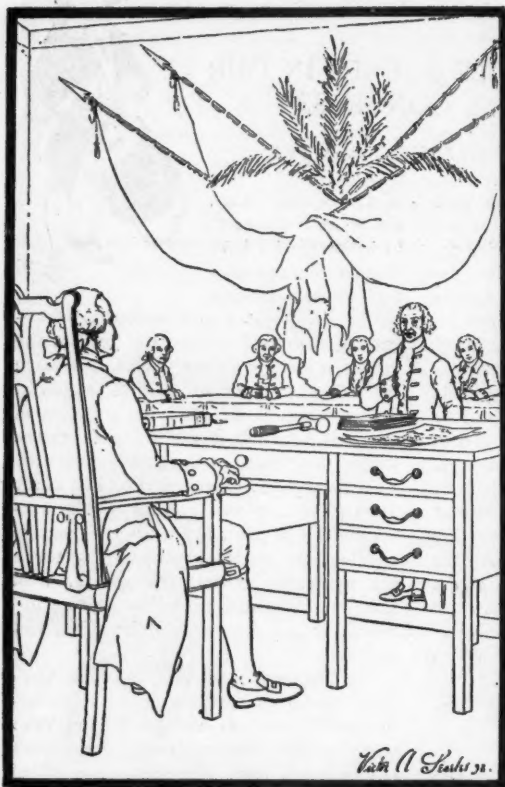
The popular interest in Congress at this time gives the pages of history a glow of reality in casting about, as we search for precedents in which history is to again repeat itself. There is an atmosphere of coldness and formality about official records and governmental statistics that is not attractive to the average reader. When the dust upon the archives can be relieved by a glimpse of the personalities of that day there is at once a personal, a human interest awakened, which mere data cannot supply. Humanity is always interested in humanity.

Thirty-one years, the longest period of peace this country has ever known, was broken in 1898, when armed intervention in Cuba was ordered in the name of humanity and the certain inalienable rights emphasized in our own Declaration of Independence. High-minded and unselfish patriotism is as much evidenced to-day as

in the earlier days, which we are taught to believe had a halo of perfection and dignity entirely lacking in the complicated and somewhat turbulent legislation of to-day. Let us draw the veil aside and get a close glimpse and catch the real atmosphere of the first session of Congress which followed the adoption of the Constitution. A careful study of each session of the American Congress is truly the most accurate barometrical reflection of the times when they were in session. The fluctuating tide of political preferment compels members of Congress to keep in close touch and accurately reflects the popular wish and popular sentiment, or an elective upheaval occurs, which annihilates political careers.

The first session of the American Congress, under the present constitution, assembled in the city hall located on Wall street at the head of Broad, New York city, in April, 1789. The session was called to convene March 4, but it was impossible to secure a quorum. In order to have the proper perspective of the times, we must fix a picture of those early days on Manhattan Island, which, now covered by the great metropolis, was then not much more than a struggling Dutch village, surrounded by farms and swamps. Scattering houses were located on the roads and lanes of that day, which are now busy thoroughfares. The vicious way in which the various members attacked New York climate in their dairies, between twinges of rheumatism, marked New York as a very unlikely candidate for the permanent seat of government.

The fight over the adoption of the constitution was very acrimonious, and came very near disrupting the nation. It was opposed by many of the sturdy war heroes



"MR. PRESIDENT I AM DIRECTED —"

of the revolution, and they were naturally very bitter at the prospects of the result wrought by their valiant military service being wrested from them. The personal feeling was intensely bitter, this fact more than anything else accounting for the tardiness in obtaining a quorum at the first session. Then, too, there was the lack of salary remuneration, and the spectacle of United States senatorships going begging, a little over a hundred years ago, is decidedly unique. Day after day both houses met with the same results—no quorum—and the proceedings were growing decidedly monotonous. No election of a president had yet been declared, and this occasioned concern on the part of the real patriots, lest the work of the splendid struggle for liberty should after all be

allowed to lapse into a failure because of internecine disagreement.

It was a bright morning the 6th of April, 1789, when three stately figures in wig and knickerbockers solemnly marched down the oak steps of the city hall and over toward Bull's Head Inn to announce deliberately and officially in concert, between pinches of snuff:

"There is a quorum at last."

And the United States Congress on that day, for the first time, became an official fact.

There were three sessions, the first continuing until September 29, the second convening in January, 1790, and adjourning August 12, while the third session assembled in Philadelphia on the first Monday in December, the same year, when the various rheumatic-afflicted members solemnly declared that they could not stand the lodging houses of New York.

#### FIRST VITAL POINTS AT ISSUE.

The official electoral count gave General George

Washington sixty-nine votes, and elected him president. John Adams received thirty-four, the next highest, which entitled him to the vice-presidency. A facsimile of the first electoral vote, reproduced from the first official journal, is given on another page. It will be noted that only eleven states were represented in the first session of Congress. Rhode Island, the smallest of the thirteen states, seemed to be a very unruly youngster about adopting the constitution, and held out to the last, with North Carolina, but finally submitted to federal and paternal discipline.

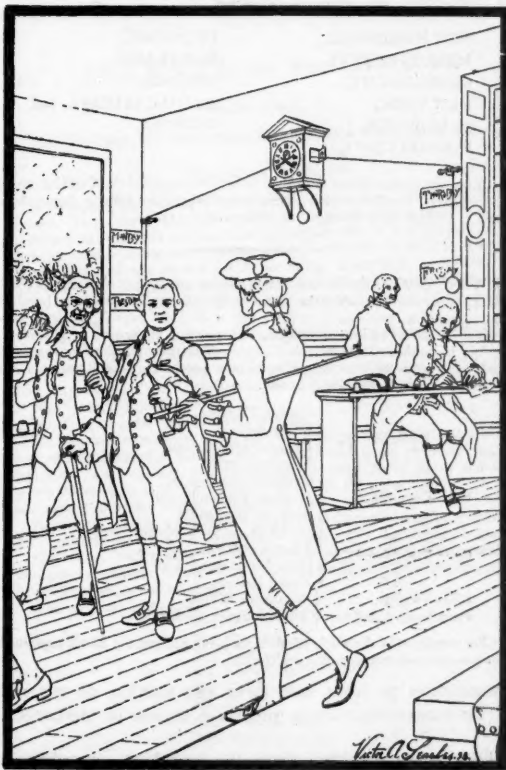
The proceedings dragged slowly day by day, as the moving spirits of later years were at that time only serving an apprenticeship. The first great rock of dissension,

after the adoption of the constitution, was the question of titles. Flushed with the realization of a victory over a monarchy, the people were suspicious of everything that had the least taint of English about it, and yet what else was there to build upon? The French revolution represented another extreme equally obnoxious to the more conservative class. The first dividing line seemed to be whether to mold the government after the French or after the English models. The result was a happy medium, which secured the best strength of both, while casting aside the weak and vulnerable points of each. Compromise is the great American doctrine, and the inception of this policy is emphatically apparent in the first Congress.

Vice-President John Adams, from his long residence in England, had one notion; Jefferson, who had spent the same time in France, had another, and the two ideas represented the opposing fundamental principles, which have divided political parties to this day. Adams was a stickler for ceremonies and some show of dignity and title; the Jeffersonian simplicity insisted that he was inoculated with Toryism, and New England is regarded by the West to-day as having the same spirit, which, in Vice-President John Adams, brought forth the sneers of sarcasm from the frontier representatives of Pennsylvania and the Southern states. The rules required that the Secretary of the Senate, when he carried a bill to the house, "shall make one obeisance to the chair on entering, and another obeisance on delivering it at the table into the hands of the speaker, and a final obeisance upon retiring."

Imagine this to-day, with the beaming face of the present speaker following the

stately bows. The rules of decorum and debate of that first Congress, reprinted in the facsimile, might be read with profit by members to-day in the light of recent events. The throwing of books was a ceremony of which there is no available record. The central idea seemed to be to introduce some sort of a lodge-room ritual with an abundance of ceremony in all de-



"AND THE HOUSE ADJOURNED."

liberations, and, in fact, one of the first joint committees appointed by Congress was to consider the question of titles, and the preparations for the inaugural ceremony of President Washington on April 24. The absorbing issue was apparently to make these ceremonies as impressive as possible and keep within constitutional limits, as it was truly the inauguration of a new nation among the powers of earth.

## JOURNAL

OF THE

## HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

OF THE

## UNITED STATES,

TO WIT:

NEW-HAMPSHIRE,  
MASSACHUSETTS,  
CONNECTICUT,  
NEW-YORK,  
NEW-JERSEY,  
PENNSYLVANIA,

DELAWARE,  
MARYLAND,  
VIRGINIA,  
SOUTH-CAROLINA, and  
GEORGIA.

Being the eleven States that have respectively ratified the Constitution of Government for the United States, proposed by the Federal Convention, held in Philadelphia, on the 17th of September, 1787.

CONGRESS of the United States, begun and held at the city of New-York, on Wednesday the fourth of March, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, pursuant to a resolution of the late Congress, made in conformity to the resolutions of the Federal Convention of the 17th of September, 1787; being the first session of the Congress, held under the Constitution aforesaid. On which day, the following members of the House of Representatives appeared and took their seats, to wit:

From Massachusetts,	{ George Thatcher, Fisher Ames, George Leonard, and Elbridge Gerry.
From Connecticut,	{ Benjamin Huntington, Jonathan Trumbull, and Jeremiah Wadsworth.
From Pennsylvania,	{ Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, Thomas Hartley, Peter Muhlenberg, and Daniel Heister.
From Virginia,	{ Alexander White.
From South-Carolina,	{ Thomas Tudor Tucker.

But a quorum of the whole number not being present, the House adjourned until to-morrow morning eleven o'clock.

REPRODUCTION OF TITLE PAGE FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN THE FIRST SESSION OF CONGRESS.

The house decided that the speaker could not be addressed as Honorable, and the senate that no senator was entitled to receive a letter so addressed. Senator Maclay appears to have been the bitter and bilious opponent of anything looking like an adjective, and he records in his diary, "Ceremonies, endless ceremonies, the whole business of the day vs. ceremonies. The Goddess of Etiquette preserve us." John Adams made frequent speeches from the chair, and one day he addressed the senate in a colloquial way:

"Gentlemen, the framers of the constitution must have had in view two kings of Sparta—one to have all the power while he held it, and the other to have nothing. I suppose this wide chair is meant for two,—he pointed dramatically at the large chair. Gentlemen, I feel great difficulty how to act when the president comes into the senate. What shall I be? How am I to act? I am Vice-President. In this I am nothing, but I may be everything. I would like to have you think what I shall be." A solemn silence ensued. There was a suspicion of a smile among Adams' opponents. Senator Ellsworth of Connecticut, thumbing sheets of the constitution, arose and stated, with grave dignity and in the courtly language of the times:

"Mr. President, I have looked over the constitution, and I find, sir, it is evident and clear, sir—that wherever the senate is to be, there sir, you must be at the head of them; but further, sir,—I shall not pretend to say."

After the inaugural address of General Washington the Vice-President, Adams, was severely cen-

sured for calling the effort "His most gracious speech," and a red-hot debate was precipitated right after prayer by the chaplain.

"Such things are the first step in the ascent of the ladder to royalty," broke in Senator Read of Maryland, warmly. "They are British words, sir."

"If we choose to eschew words because they had been used in Britain in some sense, sir, we will be at a loss to do business," calmly replied the Vice-President.

"The words, speech or address, is suffi-



cient honor to our President, and I yield to no one in admiration of General Washington," broke in Senator Maclay of Pennsylvania, remaining in his seat and rubbing his rheumatic leg.

Upon a vote, the words "His most gracious speech" were erased.

We find the following discussion in reference as to how the President shall be received:

The Vice-President timidly suggested:

"There are three ways in which our President can communicate with us. One is personally. If he comes here we must have a seat for him. In England it is called a throne. To be sure, it is behind that seat we must ask for shelter and protection. The second is by a minister of state. The third is by his chamberlain, or one of his aides-de-camp—but that is a military phrase. Gentlemen, it may become a great constitutional question." The speaker resumed in closing: "I throw these things in for the gentlemen to think of."

"If, Mr. President, your ideas are correct, sir, would it not be proper to have a canopy for the President?" said Mr. Lee of Virginia, sarcastically.

A vigorous debate followed, because Senator Charles Carroll of Carrollton wanted the words "dignity and splendor" to remain in the Vice-President's speech, but they were changed to "respectability," as being more democratic.

The capitol removal contest was a forerunner of county seat fights that have since made the west famous.

This contest for the

location of the capitol began soon after the inauguration. "Harrisburg on the Susquehanna" was early in the fight with a liberal bonus, and had, to all appearances, most favorable prospects. Senator Maclay of Pennsylvania was the moving spirit, while his colleague, Senator Morris, favored Germantown, another location in that state. He established the paradoxical precedent, since popular, of voting with his colleague, be-

## 14 JOURNAL OF THE HOUSE

FRIDAY, APRIL 10.

The House met, and adjourned until to-morrow morning eleven o'clock.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11.

A petition of the tradesmen, manufacturers, and others, of the town of Baltimore, in the state of Maryland, whose names are thereunto subscribed, was presented to the House and read, stating certain matters, and praying an imposition of such duties on all foreign articles which can be made in America, as will give a just and decided preference to the labors of the petitioners, and that there may be granted to them in common with the other manufacturers and mechanics of the United States, such relief as in the wisdom of Congress may appear proper.

ORDERED, That the said petition be referred to the committee of the whole House on the state of the Union.

The House then, according to the standing order of the day, resolved itself into a committee of the whole House on the state of the Union.

Mr. Speaker left the chair.

Mr. Page took the chair of the committee.

Mr. Speaker resumed the chair, and Mr. Page reported that the committee had, according to order, had the state of the Union under consideration, and had come to a resolution thereupon, which he read in his place, and afterwards delivered in at the clerk's table, where the same was again twice read, and agreed to by the House, as followeth:

RESOLVED, That it is the opinion of this committee, that an act ought to pass for regulating the collection of imposts and tonnage in the United States.

ORDERED, That a bill or bills be brought in pursuant to the said resolution, and that a committee, to consist of a member from each State present, be appointed to prepare and bring in the same.

The members elected—Mr. Gilman,

Mr. Gerry,

Mr. Sherman,

Mr. Lawrance,

Mr. Cadwalader,

Mr. Fitzsimons,

Mr. Gale,

Mr. Madison, and

Mr. Tucker.

The Speaker laid before the House a letter from the Secretary of the Senate, communicating the appointment of a committee of that House, to confer with any committee to be appointed on the part of this House in making the necessary arrangements to receive the President, which was read and ordered to lie on the table.

And then the House adjourned until Monday morning eleven o'clock.

MONDAY, APRIL 13.

Several other members, to wit, William Floyd, from New-York, Thomas Simmickson, from New-Jersey, Joshua Seney, from Maryland, and Edanus Burke, Daniel Huger, and William Smith, from South-Carolina, appeared and took their seats.

On motion,

ORDERED, That Mr. Benson, Mr. Peter Muhlenberg, and Mr. Griffin,

A FACSIMILE PAGE FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE HOUSE.

cause of state pride and the favorable prospects of the Harrisburg bill, but working for his own measure. While these two senators were wrangling, Madison of Virginia had the Potomac location (Washington) ready to rush through, having made a combination with the "Yorkers" to vote with them for temporary location in New York city if they would swing into line upon the "Potomac proposition." The contest continued as bitter as any subsequent county seat ever known. Vote after vote was taken, but no decision reached, and all the subterfuge of parliamentary warfare was brought into use. Charges of bribery and corruption were rife. A "dark horse" would appear occasionally to vary the program. Trenton, N. J., and Baltimore, at one turn of affairs, were very likely locations as a compromise. The boyish and magnetic Hamilton and the astute Madison pulled the wires. Senator Maclay railed at the cold and comfortless support given by the Philadelphia citizens in securing the prize for their state. When the final vote was reached the suspense was intense, and when the result revealed Madison and Hamilton's cool-headed bargain, the disappointed senators and representatives were furious. Hot words passed, and the "men of the blade" made preparations for a score of duels. Members sobbed, scolded, threatened and accused a prostitution of public position to private gain, and threatened a dissolution of the union. These were lively days.

# JOURNAL OF THE FIRST SESSION OF THE

The number sufficient to constitute a quorum not appearing, adjourned from day to day, until April the 6th; when the Honorable Richard Henry Lee, from the State of Virginia, appeared and took his seat in the Senate.

MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1789:

The SENATE assembled.

Present,

From New-Hampshire,	{ Mr. Langdon and
	{ Mr. Wingate,
Massachusetts,	{ Mr. Strong,
Connecticut,	{ Mr. Johnson and
	{ Mr. Ellsworth,
New-Jersey,	{ Mr. Paterson and
	{ Mr. Elmer,
Pennsylvania,	{ Mr. Maclay and
	{ Mr. Morris,
Delaware,	{ Mr. Bassett,
Virginia,	{ Mr. Lee,
Georgia,	{ Mr. Few;

BEING A QUORUM, consisting of a majority of the whole number of Senators of the United States.

The credentials of the afore-mentioned members were read, and ordered to be filed.

The Senate proceeded by ballot to the choice of a President, for the sole purpose of opening and counting the votes for President of the United States.

JOHN LANGDON, Esquire, was elected.

ORDERED, That Mr. Ellsworth inform the House of Representatives that a quorum of the Senate is formed; that a President is elected for the sole purpose of opening the certificates and counting the votes of the Electors of the several States in the choice of a President and Vice President of the United States; and that the Senate is now ready in the Senate Chamber, to proceed, in the presence of the House, to discharge that duty: And that the Senate have appointed one of their members to sit at the Clerk's table to make a list of the votes as they shall be declared; submitting it to the wisdom of the House to appoint one or more of their members for the like purpose.—Who reported, that he had delivered the message.

Mr. Boudinot, from the House of Representatives, communicated the following verbal message to the Senate:—

"MR. PRESIDENT,

"I AM directed by the House of Representatives to inform the Senate, that the House is ready forthwith to meet the Senate, to attend the opening and counting the votes of the Electors for President and Vice President of the United States."—And he withdrew.

ORDERED, That Mr. Paterson be a teller on the part of the Senate.

The Speaker and the House of Representatives attended in the Senate Chamber, for the purpose expressed in the message delivered by Mr. Ellsworth.—And after some time withdrew.

## FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST CONGRESSIONAL REPORT, SHOWING

### LIST OF SENATORS.

#### THE SCANDAL OF REFUNDING STATE CERTIFICATES.

The centralizing of the government's finances and having the nation assume the \$21,000,000 of state war debts evoked a continuation of scandal talk. It was contended that the state certificates of indebtedness had been bought up by speculators

## SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Senate then proceeded by ballot to the choice of a President of their body *PRO TEMPORE*.

JOHN LANGDON, Esq. was duly elected.

The President elected for the purpose of counting the votes, declared to the Senate, that the Senate and House of Representatives had met, and that he, in their presence, had opened and counted the votes of the Electors for President and Vice President of the United States—which were as follow :—

	George Washington, Esq.	John Adams, Esq.	Samuel Huntington, Esq.	John Jay, Esq.	John Hancock, Esq.	Robert H. Harrison, Esq.	George Clinton, Esq.	John Rutledge, Esq.	John Milton, Esq.	James Armstrong, Esq.	Edward Telfair, Esq.	Benjamin Lincoln, Esq.
New-Hampshire,	5	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Massachusetts,	10	10	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Connecticut,	7	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
New-Jersey,	6	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Pennsylvania,	10	8	1	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Delaware,	3	1	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Maryland,	6	1	1	1	6	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Virginia,	10	5	1	1	1	3	1	1	1	1	1	1
South-Carolina,	7	1	1	1	1	1	6	1	1	1	1	1
Georgia,	5	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1
	69	34	2	9	4	6	3	6	2	1	1	1

Whereby it appears, that

**GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esq.**

Was unanimously elected PRESIDENT.—And

**JOHN ADAMS, Esq.**

Was duly elected VICE PRESIDENT.

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Mr. Madison came from the House of Representatives with the following verbal message :—

“ MR. PRESIDENT,

“ I AM directed by the House of Representatives to inform the Senate, that the House have agreed, that the notifications of the election of the President and of the Vice President of the United States, should be made by such persons, and in such manner, as the Senate shall be pleased to direct.”—And he withdrew.

Whereupon the Senate appointed Charles Thomson, Esq. to notify George Washington, Esq. of his election to the Office of President

7 ment was the right idea, and the only thing that ever saved the present constitution from annihilation at that time was its elastic capacity for “construction and liberal exposition.” The assumption issue involved the paying of certificates issued by the states to carry on the war before the continental congress had assumed the responsibility under the articles of confederation, Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, who was a vigorous “anti-rat,” arose in his seat and with flashing eyes proclaimed:

“Who are the holders of state certificates? The first army soldiers and officers who came forward in the dark moments and faced not only warfare but the superadded penalties of rebellion?”

The division of present-day political parties is again apparent in this bill. One insisted upon the execution of the letter of the bond, and the other willing to delay to more convenient time and methods because of national or federal authority back of the obligations. Some even advocated repudiation, because some of the certificates had fallen into speculators' hands, and that the government had arbitrary power in paying its debts and creating its money.

THE FIRST PENSION BILL EVER PASSED.

The senators received \$5 a day for their services after the first session, and were accused of

FACSIMILE OF THE REPORT OF THE FIRST CONGRESS, SHOW-ING THE ELECTION OF WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT.

at a ruinous low figure, and now they were to receive par value. The “assumption” issue was stubbornly opposed, and there were cries, as now, against monied interests controlling national legislation, which was then located on Wall street. This discussion continued for weeks, and grew very acrimonious. It revived the old fight on the adoption of the constitution, as to whether a federal or a national govern-

extravagance in accepting that, and John Adams was assailed for making a \$100 expense account for a journey from Virginia, which required eight days. At this time we find a notable record of a parade by “Tammany” in full Indian dress in the streets of New York on May 1, 1789, when the trees along Broadway were in bud, and nearly all of the members of both houses were out to witness the grotesque

performances of the club, which is still become one of the most famous political organizations in existence.

The contest over the pension of Baron Steuben at this session marks the inception of pension legislation. There was a lively contest, but he was finally given \$2,500 a year and 16,000 acres of land near Utica, N. Y., which was then considered of little value. The baron joined the Continental Army at Valley Forge in the darkest days of the revolution, but the fact of his being at the head of the famous society of Cincinnati brought on a personal objection, as there was a deep antipathy towards this organization as a minion of royalty notions, and it was too "exclusive" in its membership to be popular with the masses.

The motion to wear crape for thirty days for Dr. Benjamin Franklin failed, and it is believed it was because of the feeling against the Pennsylvania members at that time. This was during the bitter capitol location fight. Harrisburg, Pa., had come forward with an offer, including two hundred acres of land and a liberal amount of money, which at once raised the cry of "bribery."

The escalade of opposition to the constitution was not quelled during this session, and very nearly resulted in a civil war in its spasmodic outbursts—in fact, an insurrection under Bacon did occur in the western part of Massachusetts. The people were sensitive to anything that had the least suspicion "against liberty and the rights of men," and were perhaps overzealous in many instances. The two parties were called "rats" and "anti-rats," the former favoring and the latter opposing the constitution, and at this distance of time the main points in dispute seem to be of exceedingly small importance. As in many human controversies, it was more a clash of personalities and their followings than of defined or opposing principles. The pageantry of conquest by the constitutional party, and the bitter and vindictive gloating over their defeated political adversaries, many of whom had been brave revolutionary soldiers, is a blot upon our history, because it is a reflection of the revengeful spirit of the French revolution.

#### THE FIRST LAND GRANTS TO SETTLERS.

One of the earliest land grants ever made by the United States Congress was at this first session to settlers at Vincennes, Illinois, in 1789. This was followed up by a rush of immigration to Kentucky and the Western states to open new farms and homes, and when it is considered that it required seven days of rapid traveling to go from Virginia to New York city, the middle Western states were fully as inaccessible as Klondike of to-day, and the journey thither was fraught with equally as great a hazard of life. The vote in the senate was frequently a tie, which gave Vice-President Adams a decisive voice in much of the important legislation. On one occasion of a tie vote of 11 to 11, the members rushed out and brought Governor Johnson and Senator Few of Maryland in sedan chairs. The former arrived in his nightcap and on a bed of illness to cast a deciding vote on what was merely a trifling matter of postponement of the matter of capitol location.

The king's birthday was observed by many people in New York in the year 1789, according to the custom which had prevailed prior to the revolution. The mother country still had ties of kinship, social and financial, despite the oppressive acts which led to the independence of the states. The great Moloch of self-interest and speculation and money interests were by no means unknown at that time. The vast tracts of land in the West were being offered for sale at \$1 per acre in Europe, and members of Congress made no special effort to disguise the fact that they were interested somewhat in the speculation. This is the first outcropping to be found of the congressional rapacity, as well as liberality in land grants to populate "the wilderness of the West."

#### PERSONEL OF OUR FIRST REPRESENTATIVES.

There is very meagre data to be found concerning the debates and personal characteristics of the members of the first Congress. It is chiefly gleaned from diaries of members, as no stenographic report of the speeches was made. The stability of the government was at that time by no means a fixed fact, and by many the Congress



If the Speaker doubts, or a division be called for, the House shall divide ; those in the affirmative going to the right and those in the negative to the left of the chair : If the Speaker shall doubt, or a count be required, the Speaker shall name two members, one from each side, to tell the numbers in the affirmative, which being reported, he shall then name two others, one from each side, to tell those in the negative ; which being also reported, he shall rise and state the decision to the House.

The Speaker shall appoint committees ; unless it be determined by the House that the committee shall consist of more than three members, in which case the appointment shall be by ballot of the House.

In all cases of ballot by the House, the Speaker shall vote : in other cases he shall not vote, unless the House be equally divided, or unless his vote, if given to the minority, will make the division equal, and in case of such equal division, the question shall be lost.

When the House adjourns, the members shall keep their seats until the Speaker go forth ; and then the members shall follow.

#### SECONDLY. OF DECORUM AND DEBATE.

When any member is about to speak in debate, or deliver any matter to the House, he shall rise from his seat and respectfully address himself to Mr. Speaker.

If any member, in speaking or otherwise, transgress the rules of the House, the Speaker shall, or any member may call to order ; in which case the member called to order shall immediately sit down, unless permitted to explain, and the House shall, if appealed to, decide on the case, but without debate : If there be no appeal, the decision of the chair shall be submitted to : If the decision be in favour of the member called to order, he shall be at liberty to proceed ; if otherwise, and the case require it, he shall be liable to the censure of the House.

When two or more members happen to rise at once, the Speaker shall name the member who is first to speak.

No member shall speak more than twice to the same question without leave of the House ; nor more than once until every member desiring to speak, shall have spoken.

Whilst the Speaker is putting any question, or addressing the House, none shall walk out of or across the House, nor either in such case, or when a member is speaking, shall entertain private discourse, or read any printed book or paper ; nor shall a member be speaking shall pass between him and the chair. No member shall vote on any question, in the event of which he is immediately and particularly interested ; or in any other case where he was not present when the question was put.

Every member who shall be in the House when a question is put, shall vote

When a question is under debate, no motion shall be received, unless to amend it, to commit it, for the previous question, or to adjourn.

A motion to adjourn shall be always in order, and shall be decided without debate.

The previous question shall be in this form : " Shall the main question be now put ? " It shall only be admitted when demanded by five members ; and until it is decided shall preclude all amendment and further debate of the main question.

On a previous question no member shall speak more than once without leave. Any member may call for the division of a question, where the *scut* will admit of it.

A motion for commitment until it is decided, shall preclude all amendment of the main question.

Motions and reports may be committed at the pleasure of the House.

No new motion or proposition shall be admitted under colour of amendment, as a substitute for the motion or proposition under debate.

Committees consisting of more than three members shall be balloted for by the House ; if upon such ballot the number required shall not be elected by a majority of the votes given, the House shall proceed to a second ballot, in which a plurality of votes shall prevail ; and in case a greater number than are required to compose or complete the committee shall have an equal number of votes, the House shall proceed to a further ballot or ballot.

In all other cases of ballot (than for committees, a majority of the votes given shall be necessary to an election, and where there shall not be such majority on the first ballot, the ballot shall be repeated until a majority be obtained.

In all cases where others than members of the House may be eligible, there shall be a previous nomination.

If a question depending be lost by adjournment of the House, and revived on the succeeding day, no member who has spoken twice on the day preceding shall be permitted again to speak without leave.

Every order, resolution or vote to which the concurrence of the Senate shall be necessary, shall be read to the House, and laid on the table, on a day preceding that in which the same shall be moved, unless the House shall otherwise expressly allow.

Petitions, memorials, and other papers addressed to the House, shall be presented through the Speaker, or by a member in his place, and shall not be debated or decided on the day of their being first read, unless where the House shall direct otherwise ; but shall lie on the table to be taken up in the order they were read.

Any fifteen members (including the Speaker if there is one) shall be authorized to compel the attendance of absent members.

Upon calls of the House, or in taking the yeas and nays on any question, the names of the members shall be called alphabetically.

FACSIMILES OF THE JOURNAL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN THE FIRST CONGRESS, GIVING AN IDEA OF THE EARLY PROCEEDINGS OF THAT BODY.



was looked upon more as an experiment than a permanent institution.

The "age of reason" and the French revolution exercised a most potent influence upon the young nation. The people were avowedly and enthusiastically grateful for what France had done for them in the dark days of the struggle for independence, and had it not been for the extremes to which the revolutionists celebrated their triumph with dripping daggers and their bloodthirsty policy, this nation could not have been held in check from making a loan and joining France in the war against England, despite conditions of the treaty of Paris.

The horrible work of the guillotine in France wrought such a revulsion of feeling in this country that open sympathizers here could not escape the relative opprobrium of anarchists.

The members of the first Congress maintained to a large degree the stately manners of early days, but the carefully tied hair, buckles and gorgeous waistcoats were now beginning to give way to fashions decreed in Paris. The revolution in France is largely responsible for mankind to-day wearing short hair. The prejudice against aristocracy was so intense that the gay attire of knickerbockers, cocked hat and wig fell under the ban. The faintest trace of the old days of royalty so roused the fury of the revolutionists that now even powder for the hair had become unpardonable. "To be clean shaved and shirted" is as far as the dandies and dudes desired to go at that time.

Madison, who was one of the prominent leaders of the house, is described as a man of small stature, with a grave and careworn face for one so young. His thin legs and narrow, hatchet Cassius cast face gave an impression of intense and serious thought. He was altogether Frenchified, and was the leader of the Jefferson following, while Monroe, then a law student in Jefferson's office, was an active lieutenant.

#### THE PRIMARY PROTECTIVE TARIFF BILL.

Madison introduced the first tariff bill at this session of Congress, which precipitated a contest between local interests of the different states that has not abated to

this day. New England members wanted a reduction to three cents on a gallon on molasses, used largely in the manufacture of rum, and in this met stubborn opposition from the South. Pennsylvania started right in on a steel tariff, and has not gotten away from the idea. The debate was very heated, and the Southern members opposed the protective features as favoring the Northern manufacturing interests.

Senator Butler of North Carolina planted the seeds in the first session of Congress. In a fiery speech over a trifling matter in which he had been defeated he threatened a dissolution. "As sure as God was in the firmament." He was born in Ireland, and had been a major in the British army stationed at Boston a few years previous to the revolution. He moved to South Carolina, and was succeeded as senator from that state by John C. Calhoun, who ripened the ideas of his predecessor.

Jefferson is described as a slender man, with an air of stiffness in his manner. His clothes seemed too small for him, and he usually sat loungingly on one hip, one shoulder high above the other. His loose, shackling figure was rather disappointing to those looking for dignity, but he had a sunny, cheerful way of talking without ceasing in the same loose, rambling manner his appearance indicated.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton outlived all his compatriots who signed the Declaration of Independence, reaching the ripe age of ninety-six years. In this first Congress he is described as a small man of exceedingly gracious manner, and always smiled when he was speaking. His father has extended land interests in Maryland, given him largely by Lord Baltimore, whose agent he had been.

#### THE INITIAL ANTI-SLAVERY MEASURES.

Senator Rufus King was then a young man of thirty-three, above middle size—manly and clear cut, the Apollo of the senate, and one of the most distinguished orators in the first Congress. He was a native of Massachusetts, but represented New York state with General Schuyler. He was the first member to introduce a resolution into Congress prohibiting slavery, and his vigorous advocacy

of the measure prohibiting slavery in territory northwest of the Ohio was the early move that made all the Northwest free states, and forecast the location of the Mason and Dixon's line.

#### THE INCEPTION OF CUBAN LIBERTY.

Richard Henry Lee was elected anti-rat senator over James Madison, a "rat," in Virginia, and it is indeed an interesting crocheting of historical events to know that Senator Lee's great grandson is General Fitzhugh Lee, the consul in Cuba. The descendant has seen that ill-fated island declared free in the selfsame words which his illustrious ancestor offered in a resolution, afterwards incorporated into Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, "are and of right ought to be free and independent." These were the identical words used in the Virginia, Mecklenburg County, Declaration of May, 1775. And in this same Congress there was a suggestion of possible trouble with Spain over the Cuban trade, and the brazen attempt of the Spanish government to tolerate and encourage systematic privateering upon American commerce. The Louisiana possessions were fluttering between the Spanish and French flag, and Spain never failed to show her teeth to the presumptuous young nation. The fact that General Israel Putnam of revolutionary fame had landed an armed expedition in Cuba in 1762 was not forgotten.

It was not all unanimity in the halycon days of the father of our country. Washington's address was severely criticized as "weak and cowardly." The members of the cabinet were forbidden on the floor of Congress, as it suggested a "minister with a budget." The defeated anti-rats are not

easily reconciled, and the rats expressed a unanimous sentiment of desiring "an ocean of fire between us and the old world." The defeated antis were also skeptical as to the "constancy of republics," as Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts insisted after his retirement to private life upon his farm near Cambridge.

The frolics and foibles of the closing moments of the first session, a full, rich September afternoon, was, however, a positive indication of the depth of fraternal feeling that existed despite the harsh quarrels of debates. The custom of throwing books and transgressing other rules of stately and decorous etiquette was on this day tolerated, as the expression of the same glee felt by boys of all times and all ages upon the last day of school. There was even regret among political adversaries in parting for the adjournment till January. Rheumatic pains were all forgotten, and new remedies exchanged amid the farewells. There was a lively bustle at Bull's Head Inn in preparing for the departing stages. The long cords on the old calendar clock had been tied to defer the hour of adjournment within the constitutional limit.

After this day it was realized beyond all doubt that the Congress of the United States was a permanent institution in history. There would be no more difficulties in securing a quorum when Congress convened.

They had all tasted the sweets,—aye the very blood of political life, and its fascination held them.

"A pinch, sir, and we part, sir."

The stately senators and courtly representatives bowed their respects, and an important page of the world's history was finished.



## ENGINEER COOK'S DUST-BATH

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

**M**R. Lucien S. Cook was, in the latter eighties—and is still—a passenger engineer on the Sioux City & Pacific Railroad. He is a true type of the Western locomotive engineer, rather tall, spare-built, with a clean-cut face bronzed by the prairie winds, and deep-set eyes that have faithfully learned the lesson of constant vigilance. A man for an emergency, one would say; for the many emergencies which confront the locomotive engineer by day and by night.

Like most men of his guild, Mr. Cook is reticent and self-contained; not without the ability to tell a good story, but much preferring to hear the other fellow tell one. In common with engineers the world over, he has had many narrow escapes, but none narrower, perhaps, than that which was vouchsafed him in a singular accident to Train Number 7 on the evening of August 8, 1889. The writer was a passenger on the train, and so was an eye-witness after the fact; but with Mr. Cook's permission, the story shall be told in his own words.

"Tell you about my dust-bath? I don't know as I can, so that you can make anything out of it; but I can give you the straight facts, if they'll do. I saw 'em, felt 'em, tasted 'em. They say a fellow has got to eat a peck of dirt before he dies, but I believe I ate my whole ration on that one occasion.

"You were on the train, and perhaps you remember that we were late out of Council Bluffs that night; slow connections, as usual, and an extra coach put on behind the sleepers at the last minute, so I couldn't make up any time if I wanted to. I don't recollect much about that particular lay-out, but I suppose I did what all the boys do when they're laid out—kicked in seven different languages and swore I wouldn't try to make up time, and then turned the old 32 loose to prove myself a liar.

"She did it all right; she always does

it when I give her the word; and when we pulled out over the "Y" at Missouri Valley for the run up the river to Sioux City, there was some little chance that we'd go in on time, after all. If you remember, it had been mighty dry for a long spell. It was a pretty, soft kind of a night, with about half a moon, and not a breath of wind, but the air was full of a sort of dusty haze. The creeks were running low, and the places where the sloughs had been were turned into little clay-colored prairies, with the mud all baked hard and cracked up into dish-shaped pieces like the patches on a crazy-quilt.

"Along the roadbed the cross-ties were all pounded loose in the embankment; you could lean out of the cab window and see the little jets of dust squirt up'round the ends of the ties when the weight of the engine came on the rail above. It was tough on the passengers, too. We had a heavy train that night,—the mail, a baggage, smoker, day-coach, two sleepers, and that extra coach I was kicking about, and a good part of the time I couldn't see the hind end for the dust.

"I reckon you'll be wanting to know pretty quick what all this has to do with my end of the story, but you'll see in a minute or two. I just want to make it plain that it was mighty dry and dusty. I can see as far as most men in a fog, dry or wet, but my eyes went back on me that night, sure.

"Well, as I started to say, we were hammering along at a pretty good jog, the old 32 steaming like a tea-kettle and putting her best foot forward. That's a good piece of track to make time on; straight as a string, a good deal of it, and the grades don't amount to much, being in the river-bottom all the way. As a matter of fact, there are no grades to speak of except the one where I found my little surprise party waiting for me. So, as I say, we trotted along until I could see, from the

curve in the big bend below the Northwestern bridge, the electric lights of Sioux City blinking in the dust-fog.

"Just north of the big bend the bluff comes pretty well out to the river, and the road runs along under it up a pretty sharp little grade, with the high clay bluff on the right hand, and a pitch of sixty or seventy feet down to the river on the left. The summit of the grade is right about the centre of the side cut along the bluff; and if you've ever ridden on an engine you know, when you're out ahead, the track seems to end at the top of a grade—looks like it runs up into the air and quits; that is, till you get close enough up to see over the summit.

"Well, after you've run over a piece of track a good many times you get to know it so well that any little change strikes you at once. Going up that hill that night, it seemed to me as if the summit wasn't exactly in the right place; it looked as if it had moved south a few yards.

"I thought it was sort of queer, and took another squint at it with my hand on the throttle, but the dust fooled me. The next minute I—well, to tell the honest truth, I didn't know what *had* happened. I had a sort of confused idea that we'd hit the biggest dust heap in the world, and the next I knew the old 32 was on her side, wallowing in it like a pig in a mud-puddle and making a straight shoot down the bank for the river.

"I didn't try to jump—there wasn't the millionth part of a show; and Paxton—he was my fireman—and I rolled over and over together on his side of the cab in a smother of fine dust that was thick enough to cut with a knife.

"I thought a whole lot in that little sixty-foot toboggan slide down the bank, I can tell you. I knew then what had happened. A slice of the dry clay bluff had gone to powder and slid down on the track; and I'd taken the landslide for the top of the hill.

"I knew, too, or thought I did, what was going to happen if the couplings held. The 32 would pull that train down on top of her, and if she did that, there'd be two of us, at least, that wouldn't need burying.

"That's exactly what did happen—all

but the ready-made funeral. The stiff coupling between the tender and the mail-car held, and before we got to the bottom of the slide I could hear the wreck come piling in on top of us. 'That settles it,' says I to myself; and so it would if God hadn't stuck His hand in between to save the lives of a couple of no-account railroad men. But that's just what He did. In a pair of seconds the thing was all over, and we two were lying there in the cab, gasping and choking like a couple of dogs in a snuff-mill, but with whole skins and unbroken bones, so far as we could tell in the hot part of the minute.

"Paxton came to first and wriggled his way out through the wreck; but I think I was a little bit rattled. I had an idea that I'd got to get my coat before I did anything else, so I rummaged around till I found it. Then I crawled out through the tunnel that Paxton had found, and stood for a minute looking the thing over. I used pretty strong language about it a minute ago, but if it wasn't a miracle, why, then the word ought to be chased out of the dictionaries, that's all.

"The 32 was on her side with her nose mighty near in the river. The tender was lying across my side of the cab, with the trucks of the mail-car, and the car itself standing on end, piled in a-top of it. Ninety-ninetimes out of a hundred that cab would have been mashed as flat as a piece of quarter-inch boiler-plate; but it was God's mercy, just like I'm telling you.

"About that time the passengers began to string along down the dump to see what had become of me,—you were about the first, I reckon,—and it took a mighty big load off of my mind when I heard there wasn't anybody killed. That's about the first thing a fellow thinks of, when he finds out he hasn't been killed himself.

"I reckon that's about all there was to it, isn't it? You were there, and you ought to know. Oh, yes; I did crawl back into the cab and blow the whistle while the 32 had a little breath left in her, but that wasn't anything; any kid would have done that.

"I hadn't any idea they'd know what it meant up at Sioux City, but they did. And what a time we had about an hour

after, transferring them sleepy passengers to the relief train! Recollect that young lady that screeched, and threw up her hands, and fainted when she saw the wreck—a whole hour after the thing was all over? I've laughed over that many a time since. And that drummer that was so torn up about his sample trunks——"

But the story of Mr. Cook's marvellous escape has been told, and the reader shall be spared the reminiscences, laughable and

otherwise, which followed by way of a natural appendix.

Suffice it to say that we all reached Sioux City a little before midnight, weary and shaken, but thankful for our deliverance, and for the escape of the brave enginemmen.

Mr. Cook is still running Engine 32; and it is a curious coincidence that, on March 5, 1897, when we verified the data for this sketch, he was making the same trip, with the same engine and train.

## THE LONGMEAD GOLF CUP

BY MARY GUILD

"**T**HAT girl means business! Bet you a fiver she'll do you up, old man!"

"All right, Dan. I've backed myself for more than that already," laughed Barrie Osgood. He was determined not to show the disgust he really felt just because any of the fellows should be willing to bet on a girl's chances against him at golf.

The Longmead Club was a rather primitive affair, but the links were good and the young people whose summer homes were scattered about the surrounding country had made the most of them that season in the prevailing enthusiasm for the game.

Barrie Osgood was the acknowledged champion of the club, but to the chagrin of the male members his best scores had been closely contested during the last week by a slip of a girl of eighteen. Barrie was a senior Harvard man, and a member of many clubs, therefore inclined to be a trifle patronizing, and to assume his superiority as a matter of course. He had played lazily through the summer, amusing himself by giving lessons to some of the girls now and then, as a mild form of flirtation. One of his pupils proved remarkably clever, and though she was quiet enough about it, profited so well by his instructions and her own endeavors, that before he awoke to the danger, Barrie found him-

self her opponent in the finals of the October tournament. Old Mr. Darrow had offered a silver cup, and several ladies had entered the tournament, one or two of them holding their own very well against the men. Youth tells, among amateurs particularly, and Nan Dorr had that in her favor, besides a large amount of pluck and determination.

Barrie had declared that it was only extraordinary luck which had enabled Nan to dispose of her other adversaries, but in his heart he knew that it was rare skill besides. As he stood in the doorway of the rough little club house, carefully rolling up the sleeves of his shirt, while Dan Mason hunted for pencils and score cards, Barrie's eyes rested rather anxiously on the trim figure standing in the midst of a little group of people at the first teeing ground.

Nan was laughing merrily at the eager advice and confident assurances of her girl friends. She looked as if she meant business, as Dan said. Her bright face was framed in wavy brown hair, ruffled by the brisk wind, for she wore no hat. A short tweed skirt disclosed a pair of neat little tan shoes and plaid hose, while the sleeves of her scarlet shirt-waist were rolled back as scientifically as Barrie's own, giving free play to her firm, shapely arms.

When her opponent came toward her



she greeted him with frank friendliness, though there was a suppressed gleam of mischief in her dark eyes. Nan knew that Barrie was a little discomfited. He had seen a good deal of her during the summer, but he had not realized how steadily she had worked at golf. In fact, no one but herself knew how many long mornings, hot or cold, sunny or stormy, she had toiled over the links, till every bone in her healthy little body ached wearily.

There was not a trace of nervousness in her manner as she took her position for the first drive. Her ball landed well out in the field, but her sympathizers were a little disappointed in such a beginning, for it was not really a long drive, and Barrie's ball went far beyond it, almost to the green. He made the first hole in three strokes, to Nan's five. On the next they were even, for though Barrie made another long drive from the top of a steep hill, his approach shot carried him too far, and he lost a stroke in recovering. Nan played steadily, risking nothing, and avoiding the hazards which her opponent took in more daring style. As they came to the more difficult part of the course, rough fields divided by stone walls, and several green hillsides, down whose treacherous slopes the balls were apt to roll back to the starting point, this even playing of Nan's began to tell. Barrie was feverishly anxious to do better than his best, and Nan gained by what he lost, more than by any particularly brilliant play of her own. Her cheeks were rosy with the exercise and excitement, and though her eyes seldom left her ball, they managed to steal a glance now and then at Barrie's earnest face. He had played with smiling ease at first, and complimented Nan more than once on her good form and clean strokes, but he was silent now, there was a nervous pucker between his eyebrows, and the expression of his mouth was not amiable. Once, when he got into a bunker, she heard him swear under his breath.

On the first round of the nine holes, Barrie had only seven strokes to spare. He was beginning to feel a fatal exasperation, and in spite of his strongest efforts Nan still held her own, though she was conscious of less vigor in her strokes.

The course involved some climbing, and the pace was a rapid one for her, as she was accustomed to slower play.

The sun grew hot toward noon, though it was the very last day of October. The air was dry and still, and the smoke from factory chimneys in the village rose in spirals and curled away above the line of low hills covered with red oak, their color varied here and there by the yellow tips of young birches and the dull brown of elms and maples. No one had any eyes for the autumn landscape, however, or any thought of the season, save that dead leaves were a distinct nuisance on the course.

By the time the eighth hole was reached on the second round, Barrie was inclined to rage inwardly over the situation. He was having a hard struggle to keep his patience, and as he straightened his tall figure for the last drive there was a vicious jerk to his elbow that spoke volumes in itself, and, alas! brought his club an eighth of an inch lower than usual, so that it struck the tee with full force and snapped the slender shaft in two.

There was a little buzz of astonishment, and Barrie turned to pick up the head of his driver with an exclamation of dismay. Nan was watching him closely, and saw that his vexation was really serious. The disaster altered the chances materially in her favor, for a familiar club is like a tried companion, and it is impossible to adjust one's self to another immediately. Would Barrie ever forgive her if she beat him? He had taught her much besides golf that summer—much that she could not risk losing for the sake of a game. Even the cup, weighed in the balance, was found wanting, and, with a quick movement, Nan broke her own cherished driver across her knee, and flung aside the pieces.

"We'll drive with cleeks this time," she said quietly, though she well knew she was no match for a man with that weapon.

There was a chorus of exclamations, and Dan Mason cried impatiently, "What the deuce did you do that for, Nan? We can get another driver from the club in two minutes!"

"It wouldn't be the same," explained Nan. I don't want any advantage. Go on, Barrie, please."

Barrie flashed a quick glance at her, his blue eyes full of grateful admiration. There was much of the chivalry in her act that duellists sometimes showed each other in the middle ages; the sense of honor, of true sportsmanship, which few women are capable of feeling. He was suddenly aware of his own childish fear of losing the game. A man is quick enough to acknowledge his moral inferiority to woman, but he cannot bear to be on a lower plane physically. It is too unnatural a situation. Barrie felt that his rival was worthy of his steel, and had the sense to accept her generosity in the spirit in which it was offered. Three brilliant strokes won the match for him by a margin sufficient to satisfy his pride, and the warmth of his handclasp went far to convince Nan of the wisdom of her sacrifice.

When the young people began to depart for home, after a lengthy discussion of the morning's sport, Barrie helped Nan into his dogcart, with the laughing remark that "she should ride in her conqueror's chariot." Sun Maid, the bay mare, had been standing for some time, and was lively enough to require her master's attention, but she had things a good deal her own way, as he was otherwise occupied.

"You are an awful fraud, Nan," he was saying, as they spun along the smooth road. "You had an unfair advantage all the time, in spite of your heroics. You

knew I was in love with you, and you could do just about what you chose with me."

"Barrie, do look out for the horse! You nearly ran into that wagon. We shall be upset if you're not careful."

"I'm upset already, and you might be a little sorry for me after having beaten me out and out—"

"But I didn't beat you!"

"Oh! come. I am not quite such a goat as I seem, dear!"

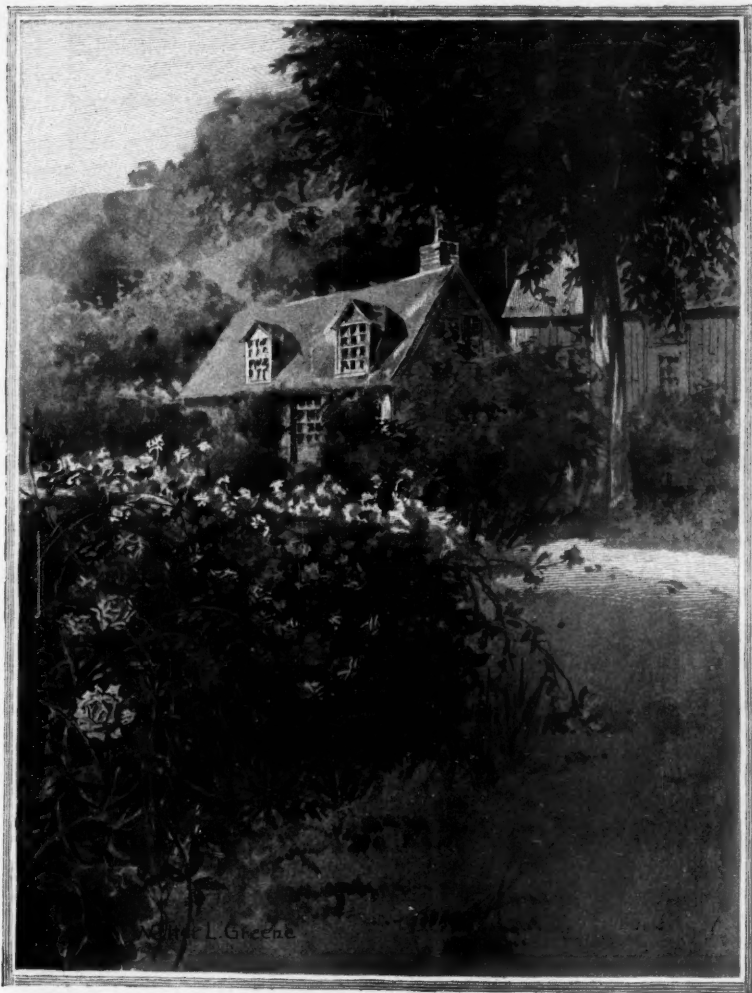
"You really play much better. I only—"

"Let me down easy! I know it. You're an angel."

Sun Maid was going at such a rate that Nan could only gasp a nervous "Oh! don't!" and cling to the seat. Barrie laughed gleefully, gathered the reins in one strong hand, and slipped his free arm about the little figure beside him. A moment later Sun Maid flew round a corner, narrowly grazing a gatepost, and was pulled up on her haunches at the doorway of a pretty yellow cottage.

The next week Barrie received a note from Dan Mason, enclosing a crisp five-dollar bill. "Here is your five, old man," he wrote, "though she certainly did do you up, only not quite in the way I expected. The Longmead cup has proved to be a loving cup, and, as far as I can see, it made no difference which of you won it, since it will be joint property after all."

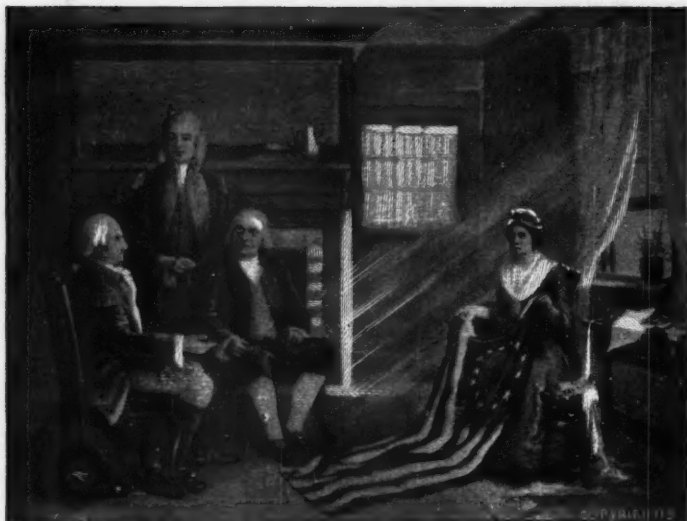




### JUNE.

Sweet as incense on the summer air  
Comes the breath of blossoms from garden fair ;  
The sun aglint on graveled walk  
Plays hide-and-seek with the hollyhock,  
While the rose, blushing in bliss, with keen delight  
Opens her heart to its warmth and light,  
And breathes her grateful life away  
In fragrance throughout the summer day.

—Geo. J. Ferreira.



FROM THE PAINTING BY CHAS. H. WIESERBER.

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#### BIRTH OF OUR NATION'S FLAG \*

Hon. George Ross.

Gen'l Washington.

Robert Morris.

Betsy Ross.

## THE ORIGIN OF OUR STARS AND STRIPES

IT is now accepted as a fact that the idea of the stars and stripes as a national flag was suggested by the coat of arms of Gen. George Washington's family. The first definite action taken by the colonies toward creating a flag was in 1775, when Congress appointed a committee to devise a national flag.

The result of the deliberations of this committee was the adoption of the "King's Colors," or "Union Jack," combined with thirteen stripes, alternate red and white.

This flag was used in 1776, but later Congress appointed Gen. George Washington, Robert Morris and Col. George Ross to devise a new flag. This committee called upon Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, of Philadelphia, and engaged her to make a flag from a pencil drawing furnished by Gen. Washington. Betsy Ross, as she was familiarly known, was noted for her skill in needlework.

On Saturday, the 14th of June, 1777, Con-

gress resolved, that the flag of the Thirteen United States be "thirteen stripes, alternate red and white," that the Union be "Thirteen stars, white in a blue field," representing a new constellation.

Because of the admission of Vermont and Kentucky, the flag was changed in 1794, by act of Congress, which provided the flag of the United States should consist of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars; but in 1818 the flag was re-established as thirteen horizontal stripes, alternately red and white, the Union to consist of twenty stars, white in a blue field; one star to be added to the Union upon the admission of each new state.

Such addition to be made on the 4th day of July succeeding such admission. This flag went into effect July 4th, 1818, and remains the present regulation national emblem of the United States of America.

\* This picture is an exact representation of the room in which the first American flag was made, at 239 Arch street, Philadelphia.

## THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER

BY RICHARD C. KEMPTON

ON the 19th of April, 1775, in the gray dawn of the morning, a little squad of resolute men who had been hastily summoned by the midnight alarm of Paul Revere riding from Boston, were drawn up in battle array on a little plot of ground "a few rods north of the meeting house" in Lexington in the State of Massachusetts.

Within half an hour of assembling these "embattled farmers" had "fired the shot heard round the world," as the British regulars charged down the lane upon them. They were the first volunteers in the cause that made this nation, and therefore the first volunteers in American history. It is not on record that there were even uniforms among them. The pomp and circumstance of war were utterly lacking on that occasion. It is true they were a part of the recently formed "Constitutional army" which was authorized to make a regular

and forcible resistance to any open hostility by the British troops. But the men who stood on Lexington field in that April dawn were clad chiefly in homespun and armed with the shield of faith, and a stout flint-lock musket.

The spirit of that time was grander, more patriotic, than the nation it founded will ever witness again. "The first measure of

the Massachusetts committee of safety," says Bancroft, "after the dawn of the twentieth of April was a circular to the several towns in the state: 'We conjure you,' they wrote, 'by all that is dear, by all that is sacred; we beg and entreat, as you will answer it to your country, to your conscience, and above all, to God himself, that

you will hasten and encourage by all possible means, the enlistment of men to form the army, and send them forward to headquarters at Cambridge with that expedition which the vast importance and instant urgency of the affair demands.' " Fancy a proclamation of Governor Wolcott calling for troops to-day in such terms as these! It was immediately following the skirmish at Lexington and the fight at Concord.

The country people of Massachusetts, however, had not waited for the call. As soon as they heard the cry of blood they

snatched their firelocks from the walls and wives and mothers and sisters took part in preparing the men of their households to go forth to the war. The farmers rushed to "the camp of liberty," (there were no formal recruiting stations then) often with nothing but the clothes on their backs, without a day's provisions, and many without a farthing in their pockets. On their



1776.

37.4 THE FIRST AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.



way the inhabitants opened hospitable doors and all things were shared in common. At the same time the committee by letter gave the story of the day's fight to New Hampshire and Connecticut and entreated their coöperation:

"We shall be glad," they wrote, "that our brethren who come to our aid may be supplied with military stores and provisions as we have none of either more than is absolutely necessary for ourselves." "And," says Bancroft, "without stores or cannon, or supplies, even of powder, or of money, Massachusetts by its Congress on the 22d of April resolved unanimously that a New England army of 30,000 men should be raised, and established its own proportion at 13,600." Contrast the need of that time and the manner in which it was responded to, with President McKinley's recent call for 125,000 volunteers of which the per capita proportion of Massachusetts is less than 5,000.

The pioneers who molded the fortunes of the war of the Revolution live again as we read of those times. Foremost among them was the veteran John Stark, "skilled in the ways of the Indian, the English and his countrymen, able to take his rest on a bear-skin with a bank of snow for a pillow, frank and humane, eccentric but true, famed for coolness and courage and integrity, who was chosen colonel of the first body of patriots that volunteered in New Hampshire by their unanimous vote. He rode in haste to the scene of action, on the way encouraging the farmers to rendezvous at Medford. So many followed that, on the morning of the twenty-second, he was detached with three hundred to take post at Chelsea where his battalion, which was one of the fullest in the army which besieged Boston became a model for its discipline."

"From Wethersfield in Connecticut a hundred young volunteers marched for Boston on the second day after the Concord fight, well-armed and in high spirits. From the neighboring towns men of the largest estates and the most esteemed for character seized their firelocks and followed. By the second night several thousand men from the colony of Connecticut were on their way. Some had fixed on their standards



1812.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO FOUGHT IN OUR SECOND STRUGGLE WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

and drums the colony arms, and round it in letters of gold the motto, "that God who brought over their fathers would guard and guide their sons." Such were the scenes north and south that ushered in our glorious war of Independence. Never in all time was there a more patriotic uprising of an oppressed people. The page of history thrills with the tale as it is read to-day. There was then no north and no south but Virginia outvied Massachusetts in the heroic spirit of self-sacrifice with which she gave up her all to the approaching conflict.

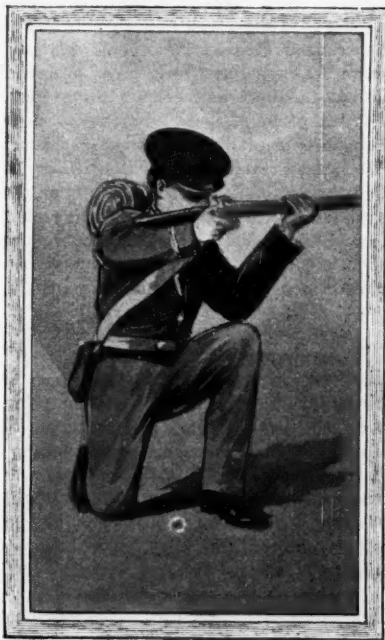
\* \* \* \*

Our next great national struggle presents a considerable contrast to this picture. On the declaration of war in 1812 the war expenses were estimated at \$11,000,000, for the first year by the congressional committee of ways and means of the period.

Mr. Dingley figuring on the cost of the difficulty in which we are now engaging with Spain wants \$200,000,000 per annum.

So far from being able to vote a splendid appropriation of \$50,000,000 at once for military purposes, President Madison was satisfied to authorize a modest loan of the \$11,000,000 required to carry on the war for one year at *six per cent* interest and payable in twelve years. The money was raised by opening subscription books at the principal banks. Our general financial status at the time we engaged in the second war with Great Britain, was better than Spain's is to-day. We faced the outcome with far greater though almost wholly undeveloped resources. The actual regular force of land soldiers experienced, disciplined and effective when the war of 1812 was declared was only about 3,000 men. The regular force under arms at the time was about ten thousand men, but more than half of them were raw recruits.

Little reliance could be placed on the militia except for garrison duty, notwithstanding they were eight hundred thousand strong in a population of eight millions.



1832.

THE "BLACK HAWK WAR" VOLUNTEER.

They were not compelled by law to go beyond the borders of their respective states. To volunteers the government and the country looked for numbers, and the President was authorized to place them at once on a footing with the regular army.

The navy consisted of twenty small vessels from the forty-four gun frigate, (of which there were two, named the *President* and the *United States*) to the twelve gun "sloop of war"—*Argus*. As to our adversary, as Theodore Roosevelt remarks, "during the early years of this century England's naval power stood at a height never reached before or since by that of any other nation." And yet we whipped her! A curious contrast with the worldly spirit of our time, when Cabinet meetings are held on Sunday and boys howl "Extras" on the "Lord's Day" till late at night, was the temper of that early time. Before the Congress that declared the war of 1812 adjourned, it requested the President "to appoint a day of public humiliation and prayer" to be observed in all the churches and throughout the land. The declaration of war against Great Britain at that period was unquestionably the greatest act from the standpoint of moral courage in the history of the nation. It is, in fact, almost incredible when we regard the enormous coast and boundary lines to be defended from British troops, Canadian militia, and Indians. They were practically far more difficult of defense than the boundaries of the country to-day, and as a matter of fact were not one mile less in extent. "The army," says McMaster, "on which was to fall the brunt of defending this frontier was, when war was declared, partly in the field and partly on paper. The part in the field consisted of the ten old regiments with ranks half filled, and scattered all over the country on garrison duty; that on paper consisted of the thirteen new regiments of regulars to be enlisted for the conquest of Canada, the fifty thousand volunteers yet to be raised and the one hundred thousand militia yet to be detached from the states and mustered into the service of the United States. Enlistments for the regular army had begun in March preceding the declaration of war in June. Every man who enlisted for five years was given a bounty of

sixteen dollars down, and was promised food, clothing, and five dollars per month, and at the end of the time of service fifteen dollars and one hundred and sixty acres of land."

Yet when war was declared not four thousand men had volunteered. Popular feeling in fact in some of the strongest sections of the country was directly against the war. In New England there was an open

hundred men, yet not one-third of it was raised. Of the fifty thousand volunteers not one-twelfth had offered. After the declaration in those states where the war was popular, or fear of the Indians pressing, the ranks of the volunteer regiments began to fill. But in New England every expedient had to be resorted to in order to get soldiers. Men who had made up their minds to stay at home made tempting offers to such as would go. The Republicans of Newtown, Mass., agreed to pay any inhabitant of the town who would volunteer four dollars and fifty cents per month while in the field. Roxbury voted to raise the pay of her citizens serving in the army to fifteen dollars per month. West Cambridge was more generous yet, and besides raising the monthly pay of fifteen added a bounty of five. At Lexington the bounty was six and the pay ten dollars.

Such details show the unpopularity of the war, and the attitude of the people. They are not glorious, but they are history. With the navy, however, the condition was very different. Although small, no finer frigates than the *Constitution* and the *United States* were then afloat. There were no abler sea captains than Hull, Decatur, Perry, Bainbridge, Lawrence, anywhere. The sea glory of the United States dates from the war of 1812. The moral effect of the victories of Perry on Lake Erie, of Decatur and of Lawrence and Hull, on the nation for more than a generation, can scarcely be overestimated, and were the main factors in bringing to a successful issue our second struggle with Great Britain.

\* \* \* \*



1862.

THE TYPE OF A SOLDIER WHO VOLUNTEERED  
FOR THE CIVIL WAR.

pronouncement from several leading pulpits that the war was utterly unjustifiable.

Even when war actually began, and the Canadians might any day come over the border, when the Indians might sweep the frontier, or an English fleet destroy New Orleans, the people showed no disposition to fill the ranks of the regular army. Congress had by that time increased the war establishment to thirty-two regiments, which with the engineers and artificers, made an army on paper of thirty-six thousand seven

The volunteers for the "Black Hawk War" of 1832 were chiefly from the state where the uprising of the great chieftain occurred, the young and growing state of Illinois. One thousand regular troops under General Winfield Scott were sent westward by the government to quell the uprising. At least as many more men came from the prairie clearings and log cabins of Illinois.

The messengers on horseback of Governor Reynolds, who rode from place to place rousing the country, found a tall awkward young man who had begun to achieve

local fame as a rising politician at New Salem. When Abraham Lincoln read the handbill calling for volunteers, he gave up his canvass for the legislature, and his job in Offutt's grocery store. Lincoln by a three-fourths vote of the men from Sangamon, was elected captain of the company. "The company was a motley crowd of men. Each had secured for his outfit what he could get, and no two were equipped alike. Buckskin breeches prevailed, and there was a sprinkling of coon-skin caps. Each man had a blanket of the coarsest texture. Flint-lock rifles were the usual arms, though here and there a man had a Cramer. Over the shoulder of each was slung a powder-horn. The men had as a rule as little regard for discipline as for appearances, and when the new captain gave an order were as likely to jeer at it as to obey it. To drive the Indians out was their mission, and any orders which did not bear directly on that point were little respected. Lincoln himself was not familiar with military tactics and made many blunders, of which he used to tell afterwards with relish."

This short campaign was the only actual experience as a soldier, of the man who afterwards ruled over the great hosts of the North. \* \* \* \* The next call to arms that stirred the nation as a whole people, was issued during the closing days of the administration of President Tyler, and culminated in the instructions to General Zachary Taylor in command of the United States forces at Corpus Christi, where our troops had been concentrating since June of the previous year, to advance to the borders of Mexico across the future state of Texas, the territory then in dispute.

It is stated on good historical authority that while General Taylor's force amounted to but 3,500 men he had by a rigid course of drill and discipline during the months at Corpus Christi, brought it to an efficiency hitherto unknown among American troops. The entire number of the American forces engaged in the short and bitterly one-sided struggle with Mexico, did not exceed twenty thousand men. Of these many were the sons of old Revolutionary soldiers, and many were men who had served in the war of 1812. There was little difficulty in raising the few recruits required. The country

was prosperous, the people were happy, the war was one of aggression that could not fail of the fullest success, and there was a spice of romance about the semi-tropic land of Mexico that appealed to many a northern nursed Yankee. A considerable proportion of the raw men that marched under the banners of Scott, and Worth, and Taylor, were of New England descent. The Empire state sent a pretty full quota.



1898.

THE VOLUNTEER FOR THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

One young man who had barely graduated at West Point and had not yet fully made up his mind whether to be a soldier or not, found his career amply justified in the campaign that ended in the taking of the City of Mexico. This was Ulysses S. Grant, a beardless lieutenant remarkable for nothing in particular up to his first battle, except strict attention to his military duties and a wonderful trick of controlling a horse. That Grant fairly showed the real stuff which the future Great Captain of the Federal Armies was made, in the war with



Mexico, no impartial reader of the facts can doubt. It was an efficient school for other men who afterwards made their mark on both sides of the great conflict that was even then impending.

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The scene at the firing upon Fort Sumter on that April day in 1861 was the great dramatic moment in our modern history. The United States had grown great, and had taken her place among the nations of the earth, the feeling between North and South had long been strained to the bursting point, and when that shell descended upon the little fort in Charleston harbor, a wave of tumultuous feeling in which all the elements of war were blended, swept over the whole country.

The first call for volunteers issued the day following the capitulation of Fort Sumter, April the 15th, by the President was for 75,000 men. The free states responded in a manner that showed the spirit of the North—a spirit molded by the great oratory of Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison, the soul-stirring songs of Whittier, and most powerful of all the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Harriet Beecher Stowe. It was the same call to the defense of moral human rights to which the North responded, as that which we have now taken up on behalf of the oppressed people of Cuba.

The free states overflowed in response to President Lincoln, and each for itself promised a much larger number of men than the quota called for by the chief executive. "The people of the North rushed to arms," says a contemporary historian, "with a degree of unanimity which never abated afterwards." It is no historian of our own land, no American, and no partisan, who thus compares the men who defended the cause of slavery in 1861 with their fathers who fought to free the whole country in the days of '76. In his great work on the Civil War in America, the Count of Paris says: "If we wished to draw a comparison between the two wars it would be the armies of the North and not those of the South that we should have to compare with the volunteers of America."

"The Confederate conscripts, impetuously brave, accustomed to obedience, and

blindly following their chiefs, but individually without perseverance or tenacity, were men of different spirit, different habits, and different temperament; their characters had been moulded by the aristocratic institutions founded upon slavery. The Federal volunteer, on the contrary, with his peculiarities and his defects, was the direct heir of those *Continental*s, who, difficult to manage, badly organized, and almost always beaten notwithstanding their personal courage, ended nevertheless by defeating the English legions. He has another great claim to be considered their inheritor in that the states which were faithful to the union in 1861 furnished more than three-fourths of the total number of patriots that fought against Britain."

The hasty creation of the immense armies that were soon massed on both sides for the great conflict of 1861 was little less strange than a genuine miracle. As when the peace with Spain was broken a few days ago, our regular army had for some years been represented by a small body of regular troops in the West engaged in preserving peace among the Indians. "The inhabitants of the great eastern cities had never seen a company of regular troops and all they knew of the National Army was a handful of invalids, the solitary guardians of the federal forts. All that related to the army had fallen into neglect, and while the other branches of the government at Washington occupied marble palaces, the offices of the War Department were huddled in a miserable tenement." The volunteer movement in the North following President Lincoln's first call was indeed a popular uprising. Recruiting offices were opened in the very smallest villages throughout the country. These became the popular rendezvous of the entire neighboring population: a centre of news and gossip. The war was like a great family affair. The feeling among individuals was more than fraternal. Men of influence at once came to the front. Each was looked to for at least a company of volunteers; according to his importance it became a regiment, sometimes a brigade. Governors of states would promise to this or that prominent lawyer or merchant the rank of colonel if he should within a stipulated period of time succeed in



raising a regiment. He in turn by promising an inferior command under himself or a sutlership obtained the coöperation of influential friends who each raised his quota of men. Posters used freely after the manner of campaign banners, and thus stretched across the streets in all the larger towns, depicting battle scenes were a great incitement to courage. The spirit of the people was stirred to the utmost by the sight of sons, fathers, husbands, parading in new uniforms everywhere. The new uniform of the Turkish infantry placed on newly formed regiments called "Zouaves" was a great novelty of the time. Many prominent men vied with each other then as now in offering their services with those of a picked body of men directly to the War Department.

The first call for volunteers was naturally responded to largely by the great class of the unemployed and the indolent. The second call a few months later when the real magnitude of the struggle became apparent sent a very different lot of men to the field. Of the nearly one million men who in 1865 had taken part in our War of the Rebellion from the Federal side, fully one-third were of European birth.

According to the testimony of a responsible foreign eye-witness of the great war,

the American soldier on both sides of the struggle developed from the first a great deal of personal bravery. He had one great trait which covered like the mantle of charity, a multitude of defects in his make up as a fighting machine, he went under fire more resolutely the second time than the first.

In the campaign which we are about to enter on in the island of Cuba, the government can send to the island a body of twenty-five thousand men—foot and horse, chiefly, who have been trained to a large extent by years of the most arduous service against a savager and more unscrupulous foe than the Spaniard. In addition the recent call for 125,000 volunteers is being responded to by a class of men who will compare more than favorably with the men who assembled under McDowell at Washington in June, 1861. Judging from the present outlook this call will cover the exigencies of the war that is now at hand for the freeing of Cuba. A feature of the situation that is distinctly new, and one that deserves a separate treatment is the naval equipment which in its "fighting castles" and novelties of armament and offense, are a complete revolution over any known previous period in the history of warfare.

## AT FORT MONROE

At Fort Monroe the sea-gulls fly  
White-winged between the sea and sky;  
Like sentinels the great guns stand,  
Their shadows fall upon the sand  
From frowning bastions where they lie.

I walk upon the ramparts high,  
The red-caped sentry paces nigh,  
Yet peace for me broods o'er the land  
At Fort Monroe.

For at this hour—I wonder why—  
The Colonel's daughter wanders by,  
Shy-eyed and sweet. Oh, heart of mine,  
I would we knew the countersign  
That enters us in Love's command  
At Fort Monroe.

*Theodosia Pickering Garrison.*

## THE EXPEDIENT OF JOHN CHINAMAN

BY EMMA M. WISE

“AND Judge Aylmer said—” The young man paused and began to count the handkerchiefs in his bundle. “One, two, three—”

“Yes, yes,” interrupted John, eagerly. “An’ Judge Aylme’ say—”

“And Judge Aylmer said—four, five, six—‘Unless extraordinary circumstances, over which I have no control—seven, eight—shall bring us together, I will never see you again.’ Nine, ten—and Mrs. Bayliss—she was Mary Norris, then—eleven, twelve—said the same thing. They both meant it, too, and have stuck to their resolution like grim death.”

John Chinaman set down his iron and gazed steadfastly at the speaker. The iron was hot. There was a marble slab on which it usually rested in moments of uselessness, but in his abstraction John had put it down about four inches short of the mark, and it sat squarely on the snowy linen. John did not notice this. He was likewise oblivious to the smell of burning cloth that permeated the little room like some Joss-house incense. Other and more important things than hot irons and scorching tablecloths were absorbing his thoughts just then.

“Shuly ‘nuf, shuly ‘nuf,” he commented slowly. “‘At’s jus’ like Missee Baylee. You tellee me any mo’?”

“Shortly after the quarrel,” resumed the young man, “she married George Bayliss. He died two years later, leaving her no legacy except a baby boy. Since then she has been compelled to earn her own living, and a sad time she has had of it, too. But the worst of it is, she and the judge still love each other; that is, I suppose they do, for the judge has never married, and she was found crying the other day when she saw him walking ahead of her in the street. But I think it doubtful if the affair will ever straighten itself out. He doesn’t even know she is living in this city, and she is too high-strung to go to him. She is

proud as Lucifer, is Mrs. Bayliss. They have no mutual friend to bring about a reconciliation, so I suppose they will live and die in misery because of that foolish quarrel that took place in the East five years ago.

“But, of course, this doesn’t interest you, at all. You Chinamen have no souls. It is a world-old saying that a Chinaman’s seat of intellect is in his stomach. Eh, John? Still, I thought you might not be averse to hearing a little gossip concerning your friend, Mrs. Bayliss. Now, John, remember, I’ve got four shirts, twelve handkerchiefs, eight collars and nine pairs of cuffs. Get them ready as soon as possible. Good morning.”

John Chinaman clasped his hands at the back of his head, and stood for many minutes staring fixedly at the open doorway through which his loquacious caller had disappeared.

“Me wouldn’t bleeved it,” he said at length, nodding familiarly at a fly that sprawled sportively over the wooden step. “No, me wouldn’t bleeved it, ‘f it hadn’t come so staight. ‘At young man say Judge Aylme’ an’ Missee Baylee habe no mut’l flriend. ‘At nottee so. Me know ‘em both. Whatee mattee me flix things up? Yes, me gottee do it. But how? ‘At ‘s klestion. Lemme see. Goodee glacious, the ‘s Missee Baylee, now. Comee in,” he called out jauntily, in answer to her gentle rap.

John was somewhat disconcerted by the unexpected appearance of the lady whose old love story had suddenly become a serious problem, which he was laboriously striving to solve. He quickly calmed his unstrung nerves, however, by reflecting that he was doing no harm, and that he had a right to meddle with other people’s affairs so long as he confined his interference to his own mind. Thus comforted, he greeted his visitor with his usual urbanity.

"Goodee mo'nee, Missee Baylee," he said, serenely. "What blingee you out 'is timee mo'nee?"

"Good morning, John," she returned, briskly. "I think it is a good thing for you that I have chanced to come so early. Whose tablecloth are you trying to burn to a cinder?"

John turned toward his work in dismay. He raised the iron and looked ruefully at the smoking cloth.

"Missee Baylee," he said, explosively, "'at allee yo' fault."

"All my fault," cried Mrs. Bayliss. "Why, John, what do you mean? What did I have to do with it?"

John glanced at her quizzically from the corners of his black eyes. "Oh, nothin'," was the enigmatical reply. "'Is tablecloth b'longee Missee Bentlick. It de las' piecee me had to ilon fo' her to-day. Now, it allee spoilee. She be welly muchee mad, me gless. She cha'gee me 'bout two dollee fo' it, an' takee it allee out washee. Oh, my, suchee luck."

Mrs. Bayliss could not refrain from laughing at his lugubrious countenance, in spite of her efforts to maintain her dignity.

"There, there, John," she said, "don't worry. You must be more careful another time. What could you have been thinking of?"

"You," groaned John, weakly.

"Me?" she exclaimed. "Nonsense. Well, you mustn't do so any more. Now, John, I'm in a great hurry. I want some of Roy's clothes. Are they clean?"

"No, Missee Baylee," declared John, flatly, "'ey is not."

A shade of disappointment flitted over Mrs. Bayliss' pretty face. "You're quite sure?" she said plaintively. "You haven't got even one of his dresses washed?"

John wagged his head slowly from side to side, switching his long, coarse queue from right to left in regular, rhythmical motion.

"Yes, Missee Baylee, klite su'e," said he, dubiously. "Blingee clo'es flom yo' house nightee fo' las'. Not touchee yes'd'y. Puttee in washee 'is mo'nee. Gettee lillee boy's clo'es to-mo'ow nightee."

"But what good will that do?" argued

Mrs. Bayliss. "It is to-day that he needs a nice clean dress. To-morrow, and the next day and the day after that he can get along with his ordinary clothes."

John sighed, and his oval eyes grew still more narrow with the peculiar squint that always disfigured his face in moments of extreme perplexity.

"You see," resumed Miss Bayliss, "it has been impossible for me to get a vacation, and Roy hasn't had an outing of any sort this summer. Day after day he has been shut up in the Emerson's back parlor with never a breath of fresh air except when the Emerson girls found time to take him out for an hour or two. There is to be an excursion to Whitewater to-day. The Emersons are going to take advantage of it and spend the day in the country, and they have kindly offered to take the baby with them. He mustn't miss the trip, John. It will do him a world of good. But what am I to do? Every stitch of his clothes is in the wash. The train leaves at nine o'clock. It is now seven. Can't you fix him out some way, John? You are fond of the baby, you know."

Mrs. Bayliss' final appeal was an arrow that went straight to the most vulnerable part of John Chinaman's heart. Of all things in the world, the dearest to him was Mrs. Bayliss' three-year-old boy. He had formed an attachment for the little fellow when he first saw him, more than two years before, and had continued to love him ever since. The baby was lying in the cradle, asleep, when he first called for Mrs. Bayliss' "washee," and John, seeing him there, was moved by some unexplainable impulse, and stooped and kissed the soft, round cheek. Mrs. Bayliss was horrified at the audacious action, and was on the point of severely reprimanding the presumptuous Chinaman, but the old man looked up with such a pleading, pathetic expression in his black eyes that she desisted.

"Lovee lillee boy," John said, simply, in explanation. "Had lillee boy of my own, once. One lillee boy, two lillee boy, three lillee boy, four, five, six lillee boy. Allee die. Wiffee die, too. Ole John allee lonee. So comee Melica."

So he was allowed to go his way without

reproof, but Mrs. Bayliss scoured the pretty face with soap and water to remove all possible taint from the unwelcome kiss. During the months that followed, John's affection for the child was steadily strengthened and made manifest in many material and useful ways. Hardly a day passed that he did not drop in to see his little friend on one pretext or another, and at each visit he brought some substantial token of his regard. The affection of the little Mongolian for Roy Bayliss was re-

His head continued to roll unintermit- tently back and forth, and he heaved sepul- chral groans, indicative of the deep mental anguish into which he had been plunged. Suddenly he clapped his hands to his tem- ples and danced across the floor in wild excitement.

"Me flix allee lightee, Missee Baylee," he cried, gleefully. "Me gottee dless fo' lillee boy."

He disappeared into the workroom be- yond, and presently returned with a large bundle, from which he selected a child's kilt suit of fine white duck.

"This ve'y thing, Missee Bay- lee," he chuckled, holding the garment up, triumphantly.

"Why, John," she exclaimed, aghast, "this doesn't belong to Roy."

"No," he returned, and his long queue was switched around more violently than ever; "but it fitee him. It b'longee lillee boy jus' his size. This We'ns- d'y mo'nee. Nottee takee the' clo'es home till Fliday. To- mo'ow washee lillee boy's dless 'gain. It allee lightee. Not hu'tee dless lillee bit. John feel welly bad you don't takee, Missee Baylee."

For an instant Mrs. Bayliss hesitated. She looked at the suit of white duck. It was ex- actly what Roy needed for the day. Still— Then she glanced at the clock. It was quarter

past seven. She sighed softly.

"Please takee dless," said John, coax- ingly.

"Are you sure they won't need the things?" she asked, doubtfully.

John nodded, emphatically. "Yes," he said. "Neve' takee the' clo'es homee till Fliday."

"Very well," she said, after another short pause. "If you're perfectly sure it will be all right, I'll take it."

John whistled jubilantly. He hastily folded and wrapped the dainty white skirt and blouse, and Mrs. Bayliss, having thanked him, bade him goodbye and hur-



DRAWN BY JOHN J. HARLEY.

"THIS VE'Y THING, MISSEE BAYLEE," HE CHUCKLED, HOLDING THE GARMENT UP, TRIUMPHANTLY.

ciprocal. It being the mother nature to love those whom her children love, Mrs. Bayliss' tender heart soon went out to the queer, kindly old Chinaman, and soon there was a strong bond of friendship and sym- pathy uniting the three.

That morning, when Mrs. Bayliss ex- plained the prospective holiday and the ne- cessity of a clean frock, it hurt John to the quick to know that the clothes were in the "washee," and that through his negligence the idolized child might be deprived of a day's pleasure. He stood in the doorway for several minutes after Mrs. Bayliss ceased speaking, and looked at her helplessly.

ried away. John stood in the doorway, looking after her until she had crossed the bridge that spanned the creek separating Chinatown from the city proper, and disappeared round a curve in the street. "Nicee lillee boy in Melican town," he murmured fondly. Then he straightened his crooked and disheveled queue and went inside his close, stuffy quarters.

Hardly had Mrs. Bayliss been lost to sight when two young girls turned into Main street from a west-end avenue, and made their way rapidly toward Chinatown. John happened to glance out of the window as they drew near his laundry, and his heart contracted with a sudden spasm of fear. He gathered up the scorched tablecloth and the clothes that had been scattered over the table while picking out the duck suit, and hastily retreated into the back room, whence he emerged faint and trembling, a moment later, in response to the violent rapping on his front door.

"John," said the larger of the two girls, "have you done our washing this week?"

John was by nature truthful, and it pained him to speak or act a falsehood. He thought of the bundle of fresh, clean clothes in the workroom beyond, and his queue quivered like an aspen in sympathy with the tremor that pervaded his entire body.

"Missee Meta," he began, "me—"

"We don't want everything, John," she interrupted. "That duck suit of Aylmer's is all we need. There is to be an excursion to Whitewater to-day. About an hour ago mamma decided to let Della and me go, and we want to take Aylmer along. All his good clothes are in the wash, and he hasn't anything to wear. Is it ready, John? It ought to be. You took the clothes Saturday."

"Yes, Missee Meta an' Missee Dell," John quavered, weakly, "allee clo'es leady 'cept one tablecloth an' 'at duck suit Mas' Aylme's. Somethin' happen them. Hav' be allee washee ove' 'gain."

"Isn't the dress fit to wear at all, John?" queried the girls in unison.

John sent up a silent, but none the less fervent, petition for forgiveness to the great Joss and all the little Josses that

preside over the destiny of him and his race, and answered, devoutly:

"No, no, nottee leady, 't allee. Washeedless lightee 'way, an' blingee home Fli-day. Welly solly, but can't be helpee."

The girls concealed their disappointment as best they could, and retraced their steps through Chinatown and across the bridge toward home.

"That Chinaman is getting too careless and lazy to live, mamma," cried Meta Bentwick, flinging her hat spitefully into a corner, and viciously flicking several loose rose leaves from the table to the carpet. "He hasn't washed Aylmer's suit yet, and the baby'll have to stay at home, because he has nothing to wear. It's a downright shame, isn't it, you little darling?" she added, turning to Aylmer, who sat in his high chair by the window, and who had but a vague conception of the ado that reigned in the Bentwick household that morning.

"Down'ight s'ame," lisped the baby, softly.

"Perhaps it's all for the best," put in Mrs. Bentwick. "Something might happen to him if he went."

"The idea," exclaimed Meta. "Don't you suppose we know enough to take care of him?"

The grave looking gentleman who had been sitting near the table, sipping his coffee and reading his morning paper, looked up at that and smiled.

"Meta is right," he said. "The child ought to go. He shall go. But what a lot of useless worry you're giving yourselves about his clothes. Dress him up in that plaid gingham suit he wears in the house. I'm sure my little namesake is pretty enough to pass muster any place, whatever he may wear."

"It's all right for you to talk like that, Judge Aylmer," protested Meta. "He isn't your brother. It doesn't matter to you if he does go out looking like a ragpicker's baby, but I assure you I feel quite differently about it."

"Nonsense," retorted Judge Aylmer. "Do as I say, and don't be a goose."

There was some further discussion as to the advisability of allowing Aylmer to attend the picnic in a gingham dress. The



judge's arguments finally prevailed, however, and when the Whitewater excursion train pulled out of the depot at nine o'clock, coach No. 236 held Meta and Della Bentwick and their brother Aylmer, neatly arrayed in his plain gingham frock. In the coach immediately behind them was the Emerson party, the smallest, but by no means the least important, member of which was Roy Bayliss, who looked unusually winsome in his costume of white duck.

It was nine o'clock in the evening when the excursionists from Whitewater returned to the city. The Emerson party retired to the general waiting room of the depot to avoid the crush attendant upon the first rush for the street cars. Twenty minutes later the crowd had been pretty well disposed of, and two cars bound for the east end coming along then, the Emersons embarked on the last stage of their journey homeward. In the scramble for seats, the party was divided, some of them taking passage in the forward car, others in the rear. When at last they alighted on the corner near the Emerson house, they stopped and took a census to see if all were present. Of the number that had started out in such high spirits that morning but one was missing. The absent one was Roy Bayliss.

"Merciful goodness," cried Mrs. Emerson, in alarm. "Where's Roy? Girls, I thought you had him."

"We put him down on a chair at the depot," clamored the girls. "We thought sure you had taken him. He wasn't there when we came out."

"He's been kidnapped, or lost, or something," wailed Mrs. Emerson, loudly. "We'll have to go straight back to the depot and look for him. We'll never dare to face Mrs. Bayliss without him. 'Twould break her heart."

There had been a blockade near the end of the car line, and the Emersons stood on the corner many minutes waiting for a car that would take them to the depot. At length one came trailing along, and they returned in a body to search for the lost baby. But their quest was in vain. There had been a child answering to Roy's description found wandering round the de-

pot, crying piteously, the woman in the waiting room told them. All inquiries failing to elicit any information in regard to him, he had been turned over to an officer, who had promptly carried him to the police station, where he could then, doubtless, be found.

Thither the Emersons repaired without further delay. Again the lost child was not forthcoming.

"He's been taken home," replied the officer at the desk.

"Taken home?" echoed Mrs. Emerson. "How on earth did you know where to take him?"

"His name was on his clothes," said the officer. "The sergeant knows his parents, and not wishing them to suffer any uneasiness he took him home himself, at once."

"Do you know where they went?" persisted Mrs. Emerson.

"Why, no," returned the officer, somewhat testily. "The sergeant simply said he knew where the child belonged, and would take care of him. Isn't that enough? They're home by this time, I guess."

"Oh, yes, I see," said Mrs. Emerson, with a sigh of relief. Then they started to the east end again.

It was half-past eleven when they reached their own home. Mrs. Bayliss was nervous and anxious over their delayed homecoming, and was pacing to and fro in front of the house when they approached.

"Oh," she said, "I feared something had happened. Where is Roy?"

"Roy?" Mrs. Emerson and the girls shouted it in chorus, and fell back a step in dismay. "Hasn't the policeman brought him yet?"

"The—policeman—brought—him—yet," gasped Mrs. Bayliss. "How should a policeman happen to have charge of my boy, I should like to know. I didn't let him go to the picnic with a policeman. He went with you."

Then, amidst many tears and self-accusations, Mrs. Emerson related the story of the loss, and her subsequent endeavors to find the baby.

"And the people at the station can tell you nothing?" asked Mrs. Bayliss.

"Not a word," said Mrs. Emerson. "They said the sergeant—"

"Ah, I see," interrupted Mrs. Bayliss. "The name on the clothes. John Chinaman will know. I forgot to look at it."

Her words only served to mystify the Emersons all the more, but Mrs. Bayliss did not wait to elucidate their meaning. A cab drove up to the curb just then, and, without even waiting to get her hat, Mrs. Bayliss sprang into the vehicle and bade the man drive quickly to Chinatown. The phlegmatic cabman nearly fell off the seat in the surprise occasioned by receiving an order from a nice-looking American woman to take her to the Chinese quarter at a few minutes before midnight, but he gathered himself together and executed his orders with due speed.

John Chinaman had long since gone to bed in the little bunk in one corner of his laundry, and was enjoying a deep sleep, unbroken by dreams of falsehoods or white duck suits. By and by he was aroused by a noise which his benumbed senses at first conceived to be a continuous peal of thunder, but which, upon further awakening, resolved itself into a series of sharp knocks on his laundry door. He opened the window, and cautiously stuck his head through the aperture.

"Whatee mattee?" he asked.

"It is I, John, Mrs. Bayliss," said that lady, earnestly. "Roy is lost. They have taken him to the home of the boy who owns the duck suit. Hurry, John, and go with me and help find him. You know where they live."

John's wits were particularly alert wherever Roy Bayliss was concerned. Like a flash he comprehended the situation. It was the work of but a moment to don his blouse and trousers, and adjust his queue; then he jumped up beside the driver, and they were off to the west end of the city.

In the meantime, Roy Bayliss was having some unique experiences. Finding himself left alone for a moment in the waiting room of the depot, he slipped from the chair and wandered out on the long platform, where draymen, expressmen and passengers were hurrying hither and thither. The noise and bustle amused him, and when the Emerson party boarded the east-bound street cars Roy was standing on the platform in the midst of the confusion,

looking about him with wide-open, curious eyes. Presently he grew tired of the turmoil, and began to long for a familiar face. Seeing none but strangers, a sense of desolation suddenly possessed him, and he set up a wail that echoed through that part of the building and drew a sympathetic crowd around him. Procrastination was not a salient feature of the management of the Union Depot, and as no one claimed the child, an officer, as we have seen, soon transferred him to the sergeant of the police station.

Roy was too badly frightened to tell his name, but happily his clothes revealed much to the acute mind of the sergeant. On the collar of the blouse and on the band of the skirt was embroidered the name "Aylmer," and for him that one word was as valuable as an encyclopedia.

The sergeant had long regarded the name of "Aylmer" as a genuine mascot. It was to Judge Aylmer's influence in politics that he owed his present position, and it was to him that he was looking for still further preferment in the political world. Only that day he had had an interview with the judge, and had sought to curry favor with him, and when he found a little boy, presumably Aylmer's, brought into his station at ten o'clock at night, it was quite plain that in no way could he gain a more secure hold upon the father's heart than by restoring the child without delay.

Notifying his subordinates what to do in his absence, he took the sobbing child in his arms and set out for Richard Aylmer's residence. The judge was in his library, writing, when the sergeant reached the west-end mansion. The officer did not wait for the servant to announce his name, but followed her to the library door, and stalked unceremoniously into the room.

"Judge Aylmer," he said abruptly, "I've brought your boy home."

"My—my—my what?" roared the judge, fiercely.

"Your boy," repeated the sergeant, somewhat astounded by this unexpected reception. "My men found him at the depot, and I brought him to you myself. I thought you'd be anxious. Hadn't you missed him?"

The judge's face was purple with indig-

nation, or some kindred emotion, and he was unable to regain his voice for the space of a minute, or thereabouts.

"No," said he at length, stiffly, "I hadn't. I suppose I should have been anxious, if—Sir, I think you have made a mistake, or are trying to play an unpardonable practical joke on me. Sir, I am a bachelor. I am not so fortunate as to have a boy."

The sergeant retreated precipitately toward the door in dire confusion.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir," he stam-

and across the lawn to the cottage of Judge Aylmer's good friend and tenant, Mrs. Bentwick, whose delicious coffee he sipped every morning, and who tried her best to make a Christian gentleman out of the irascible bachelor. The Bentwick girls were still up, talking over the events of the day, when their late visitors arrived.

"Mrs. Bentwick, do you recognize this?" said the judge, pointing to the suit of white duck.

"Why, I declare, if it isn't Aylmer's,"



DRAWN BY JOHN J. HARLEY.

"AS HE HELD THEM SO, JOHN CHINAMAN STEPPED FORWARD AND CLUTCHED AT THE DUCK SUIT TIMIDLY."

mered. "I meant no offense. I hoped to do you a favor. The child's clothes are embroidered with the name 'Aylmer.' I thought—"

"Aylmer, did you say?" broke in the judge, quickly.

He took the hem of the white duck skirt between his thumb and forefinger and examined it critically.

"I believe I know something about this," he said, with a puzzled expression. "Sergeant, will you come with me a little while?"

The two men passed out of the house

said Mrs. Bentwick, in amazement. "Where in the world—"

"I know," interposed Meta. "John Chinaman is not only lazy and careless, but he is dishonest as well. He has given Aylmer's suit to somebody else. Of all the mean, detestable—"

Meta's anathemizing of John Chinaman was brought to an abrupt termination by the sudden shrieking of Roy Bayliss, who, seeming to perceive instinctively that his old friend was being assailed, protested with all the might of his strong lungs.

The sergeant was beside himself with

humiliation. "If the child doesn't belong here," he said, mopping his head nervously, "where does he belong?"

"That is the question," said Mrs. Bentwick.

"There is only one person who can straighten this tangle out, and that is John Chinaman," said Meta, whose ready wit always asserted itself in cases of emergency. "He will know to whom he loaned the dress, consequently he will be able to identify the boy."

"That's so," concurred Mrs. Bentwick. "This child must be taken to John's laundry right straight off. Girls, get ready. We'll all go along. The poor baby's mother must be enduring the most awful agony all this while," she added, with true motherly sympathy, "and I shan't be able to sleep a wink till I see him safe in her arms."

The girls put on their hats, but before they could leave the house, Mrs. Bentwick stepped nearer the window and bade them be quiet a minute.

"I do believe," she said, "that somebody else is coming. I hear wheels. They have stopped in front of our house, too."

She hastened to open the door, and the flood of light that beamed out into the night fell full upon the faces of Mrs. Bayliss, John Chinaman and the cabman, who was anxious to see the little drama to the end.

"Mamma, mamma," cried Roy, at sight of his mother's face.

"John Chinaman, John Chinaman, if you don't catch it," threatened Meta.

John shook his queue mournfully, as if he was of the opinion that he had already caught it enough for one day, but he accepted the reproach meekly.

"Missee Bentlick," he began, impulsively, "it allee my fault. Missee Baylee nottee blame." Then he poured forth a volume of incoherent exclamations, which could be understood only when supplemented by Mrs. Bayliss' concise statements. The sergeant then told his story, and by that time the muddle occasioned by John Chinaman's surreptitious loaning of the duck suit was pretty well explained away.

"Mrs. Bayliss," said Judge Aylmer, gravely. It was the first time he had spoken since the entrance of the pretty young woman, and his voice was husky with emotion. "Dear Mrs. Bayliss, I think the sergeant didn't make such a great mistake after all. He thought the boy was mine. I should like him to be mine. I want you, and everything that is yours, to belong to me. I have been thinking of you to-night, and I recalled the time when we both said we would never see each other again unless circumstances—extraordinary circumstances over which we had no control—should bring us together. Surely, these are extraordinary circumstances. Can we not read a lesson in them, and take up our lives where we left them off?"

Mrs. Bayliss looked at him fondly through tears which dropped fast on Roy's head.

"Perhaps it would be for the best," she said.

Richard clasped in his strong arms both the pretty widow and the little boy, who, snuggled in his mother's arms, was fast slipping away to the land of dreams, and kissed them tenderly. As he held them so, John Chinaman stepped forward and clutched at the duck suit timidly.

"Missee Baylee," he said, "'is lillie love affai' was whatee me think 'bout 'is mo'nee. 'At de reason me bu'nee Missee Bentlick's tablecloth. Me tlyin' to flix somee way blingee you an' Judge Aylme' togethe'. Me neve' 'spec' to do it 'ith lillie Mas' Aylme's dless."

Mrs. Bentwick began to cry, an indulgence in which she was freely joined by the two girls.

"I always knew the judge's love story would come out all right some time," said Meta; "but I never thought John Chinaman would be a factor in the romance. John, you're not so bad, after all. We'll forgive you for loaning Aylmer's duck suit."

Then John, perceiving that he had become the hero of the hour, became exceedingly joyous and light-hearted.

"Stlippee of dless," he said gaily. "Takee home washee. Blingee back Fliday. Me gless ev'ly thing be allee lightee."



#### A REVERSED DECISION.

THEY were closeted together in the directors' room of the Manhattan National Bank.

One wore the air of a man who was accustomed to \$100 bills and Delmonico lunches, the other of a man who was glad to get hold of an occasional quarter, and who camped on the trail of the free lunch.

The former was the president of the bank. The latter was a detective.

"You followed him?" asked the President, in a frightened whisper.

"I shadowed your assistant cashier," answered the sleuth, "with all the pertinacity of my persistent nature. I know his every move during the past two weeks from the time he brushed his teeth in the morning until he said his prayers at night on each and every day. I have even had his tooth powder analyzed. It is composed of precipitated chalk, orris root and camphor. I consider the camphor a most suspicious ingredient."

"Of what is it an indication?" asked the anxious banker.

"Ha, do you not recognize clues at a glance?"

"Yes—Henry Clews, but not that kind."

"Well, the use of camphor indicates infallibly that he has moths in his teeth."

"Heavens!" gasped the banker. "But you said he said his prayers at night."

"That proves him to be the deeper villain. Let me tell you. He has won the love of a pure, but beautiful young girl."

"Ha, a woman in the case."

"Two of them."

"The villain."

"The other is the pure but innocent girl's mother. She approves the match."

"Ha!"

"Yes, he has promised her everything. He won her love by drawing a roseate hued picture of the future."

"The same old game!"

"He said he would love her, 'Aye, forever.'"

"Love her eye forever?"

"Precisely."

"But of the golden-hued future—be more particular."

"He said that in time he would be president of this very bank."

"The bloodless villain!"

"He also told her that they would have all the money he could make in addition to everything you owned."

"O suffering Cæsar!" bellowed the banker, and he rang a bell violently. A page appeared. "Send the cashier to me at once," shrieked the financier. The



cashier appeared. "You will discharge Adolphus Smith, our assistant cashier, at once," said the old man. The cashier bowed and departed.

"Now for the name of this hussy—who is she, who is she, I say?"

"She is your daughter, sir," answered the sleuth, preparing to catch the old gentleman when he fainted.

But the old gentleman didn't faint.

"Did I understand you to say that her mother approved of the match?" he asked, instead.

"That's the little game."

The banker rang his bell once more and ordered the cashier before him.

"You will countermand the orders concerning Mr. Smith, our assistant cashier."

"Yes, sir."

"You will appoint him cashier of this bank, double his salary, and then take a run and jump up into the air yourself. See?"

And the financier was so tickled with the turn of affairs that he even paid the sleuth out of his own pocket, forgetting to charge it to the bank.

*Tom Hall.*

#### WHEN HIS SHIP CAME IN.

DAY after day, and always when the sun went down, she, like other women in her island home, was seen upon the house-top, pacing back and forth around its narrow walk or standing gazing off across the broad expanse of waters; for heart and soul were far away upon the mighty deep.

When in the house, her fingers wrought and fashioned dainty garments or prepared the snow white linen for the home that would be his and hers—when his ship came in.

Her life was full of hope and happiness and peace. The love light in her eyes roused courage that was slumbering in hearts grown faint from weary waiting and from hope deferred.

"For men must work and women must weep,

—Though the harbor bar be moaning."

And thus the months went on, till suddenly there came a change, a night so full

of woe and agony that strength and life were almost gone. And then—no more upon the house-top did she go, but on her narrow couch lay all day long, while pale remained her face, and sad and dim the light within her eyes. And one by one, she gave away the dainty garments, and the linen and the china she had gathered for the home that would be his and hers—when his ship came in.

And faint and weaker did she grow until the time the ships were coming home. Then, as other women on the walks upon the house tops recognized from time to time, the boats that meant so much to them, the love light sparkled once again within her eyes and life seemed pulsing fresh within her veins.

At last the day came when they told her his was signaled and she bade them bear her to the house-top. She had promised she would be there when his ship came in—and then would go to meet him.

They did as she had asked and motionless she lay and gazed, as was her wont, far off across the waters, at the white sails homeward bound. Then, off into the vast unknown her vision seemed to go and none dared speak until one came to tell her he was dead—had died at sea.

"I knew it long ago," she said, "I saw him die," and with a radiant smile, she turned her gaze once more into the far away.

And those about her knew full soon, that she had kept her promise and had gone to meet him—when his ship came in.

*Annie Weston Whitney.*

#### A FLIRTATION.

The moon—a model chaperon—draws down her filmy veil,

Half turns aside her kindly face for old romance's sake;

Apparently unconscious that a star in silver mail

Is winking at a water lily floating on the lake.

*Nellie Richmond Eberhardt.*

#### CASH NO. 18.

CASH No. 18 was scarcely more than the shadow of a girl—wafer-like and all out of proportion to human modeling.

Her peaked nose did not have even the redeeming quality of being small. It was long, bony and grotesquely shaped. The junior clerk in the calico department called it a "razorback" and chuckled at his wit. Back of her head, a shock of tawny hair was tied with a bit of cheap red ribbon, twisted into the same fashioned knot each day.

No. 18 had been taken on early in the holiday rush, when almost any chap could secure employment for the asking. The floorwalkers did not know her name. Sometimes the child knew she was meant when a long drawled "ca—ash" came in a tired voice behind the counter, and oftentimes she knew she was summoned when a floorwalker bawled out "Mamie," a no less generic term than "bub," as applied to boys. Once, as a dowdy customer was flouncing to the door, No. 18 darted into her, and the patron called the child "hussy." It was a fascinating word to No. 18. That day, at lunch in the basement, she asked a companion:

"Say, Katie, did you'se ever know any one named Hussy? Anyone's front name? I think it's purty."

"O girls!" screamed the other insignificant, "Hear dis slowfoot, would ye? Thinks its purty to be called hussy. Wouldn't that jar ye? Why, fool, dat's what Mr. Martin called de old cranberry blonde up to de hank'chief counter."

"Where have you bin all your life, on a farm?"

No. 18 turned in silence to her lunch. Katie had been in the vast department store a year, and was so wise. To No. 18 she was ever an idol, and her unsympathetic mood was merely a warrant for more intense adoration. No. 18 was no inco-clost. On another day Katie say No. 18 before a mirror in the millinery department, posing under a magnificent, red-plumaged hat. Katie tattled, and a floorwalker pushed No. 18 rudely from the room. What a dream was that hat! What a rude awakening!

"Seems to me I'd buy a hat if I wanted it," snickered Katie, around the corner. No. 18 felt her heart grow suddenly distressed. The push wasn't so bad in itself—not half so bad as Katie's treachery.

It was the day after Christmas when a thin voiced man went down a line of cash girls, snapping out, "You can go," "You can stay," and so on till the serried file was riddled. A score of bread-winning children had thus been given their conge. When the man came to No. 18, the child's knees knocked together in their trembling. A permanent place seemed almost as idle a dream as the red-plumaged hat.

"You stay," said the man, poking his index finger at No. 18. Her little eyes lit up and, in her joy, she hopped from foot to foot. She ached to scream, yet knew she dared not jeopardise her position so soon. Katie, further down the line, was also among the chosen few. However, she recognized no particular occasion for gratitude. On the bright spring days and in the warm summer time, she delighted to go out to Fairview Park. Between her mother's wrath and her own indolence, she rather feared to invite the former by a gratification of the latter. So she did not dare voluntarily to leave her position, much as she secretly wished to be without one. No. 18 was not so worldly wise. She was happy in giving her mite to her mother every Saturday evening; she was glad to have meat for Sunday dinner and she felt proud that she could drop her penny, one that she had earned, too, in the box at the Sunday school mission—all of which came and continued with employment. She had resolved to be very obliging to all the clerks, for some day she might become one of them herself, to wear laundered collars and cuffs; and, perhaps, she might have a watch, with a gold plated chain dangling from her bosom. It was the chain that gave such tone, such loftiness to the calling of the young lady clerk. No. 18 could even picture herself thrusting a lead pencil into her own hair, when it should grow long enough to be "done up," and crying "cash" down the aisle. All of this was very pleasant contemplation to No. 18.

"I'm so glad your'e a steady, too, Katie," said No. 18 deferentially to her companion, as she passed her. "O, rats!" ejaculated Katie.

A china vase was to be taken to the wrapping counter. "Rush, cash," commanded the clerk, in a sweet, affected

drawl. No. 18 rushed and fell over an iron stool, smashing the vase to many fragments. The child was too grieved for tears.

"Here, you," brutally spoke the floor-walker, who was on the spot in a moment. "Get your cloak and go home. We want no such carelessness as this; clear out quickly. Katie," calling to the other girl, "sweep out this litter." Turning to the customer, the floorwalker complaisantly invited her to make another selection.

No. 18 was on her way to the front door. It had not taken her long to don her one scanty wrap. She gazed firmly ahead, bravely controlling an overwhelming desire to cry. Several of the clerks tittered. Another floorwalker pretended to threaten her with a kick. The "cranberry blonde" turned to another clerk and whispered, "Poor little wizened creature! How heartless to discharge her."

Katie was at the front door with the dust pan full of the broken fragments of the vase. No. 18 passed her, and out of her eyes looked askant, expecting one meagre word of sympathy before the front door closed on her. Katie grinned.

"Fired, eh? Go back to de farm and hoe pertaters," was her farewell greeting.

Then, and not till then, did No. 18 cry, and she sobbed so bitterly that a huge policeman on the street kindly put his broad palm on her shoulder, and asked what ailed her.

Gavin L. Payne.

#### DIDN'T MEET THE EMERGENCY.

FARMER NUBBINS, of Cranberry Corners, was leaning on his plow-handle, taking a brief rest at the end of a furrow, the other afternoon, when a tall, thin stranger, with a satchel in one hand and a book in the other, clambered over the fence and approached him.

"Fine day, sir," affably remarked the stranger.

"Yaas, middlin'," responded Farmer Nubbins, as he began yanking the plow around and getting ready to start in on a new furrow.

"I presume, my friend," observed the

tall, thin stranger, "you are aware of the fact that the immortal Cincinnatus was a farmer like yourself, and composed some of his best and most statesman-like speeches while following the plow?"

"Hahn't heerd anything about it. Wa'n't on a farm anywhere around here, was he?" queried Nubbins.

"And the Poet, Horace, too, was a follower of the plow," went on the stranger, ignoring the question, "and some of his choicest odes are the result of his musing while 'turning the stubborn glebe.' Now, how did these great men manage to accomplish what they did? Why, simply by following a system."

"Thought ye said they follered the plow?" interposed Nubbins, dryly.

"So I did," was the reply. "But they followed a regular system also for collecting and keeping track of their thoughts—something which every man must do who expects to make his mark in the world.

"Now, I have here the very thing that is needed, a neat and useful little volume, entitled, 'The Thinking Man's Vade Mecum and Daily Note Book,' to which I would like to call your attention. This book, I feel entirely safe in saying, fills a long-felt want. You see—at least you will when you look the book over—that the pages are ruled off and headed for different dates and various occasions, so whenever you have an inspiration all you need do is to open the book, hunt up the right page and jot down your thoughts under the appropriate heading. Now, that is what I call a first-class idea. Doesn't it strike you that way?"

"Well, I dunno about that," said Nubbins, doubtfully. "Got a place fenced off an' headed so's a feller kin jot down his reflections when the plow strikes a snag an' the handles fly up and jab him in the ribs?"

"Well—er—no; nothing of that kind exactly."

"I thought not. Hain't got no special page fer 'Thoughts on Discoverin' the Neighbor's Hogs in Your Garden, eyether, have ye?"

"N—no, but—"

"Egzactly. An' I'll bet a cent ye hain't got no page set apart fer 'Remarks Made

on Pickin' Up a Skunk by Mistake fer a Cat, nyether, have ye?"

"Well, no, I'm afraid not."

"Jest ez I expected. An' I s'pose this book of yourn don't pervide no space fer a feller's remarks when the old cow kicks a fourteen-quart pail of milk over his person, eyether, does it?"

"Sorry, but you see——"

"Yaas, I see yer old *vade mecum*, ez ye call it, don't come within forty rows of apple trees of meetin' the emergency. 'Twon't do fer this section of the kentry at all, mister. G'lang, there, Nance an' Jake! No time to fool away lookin' at suthin' we don't want, an' 'leven acres of land to be turned bottom side up yet this spring! Git down to bizness, there, dang yer lazy hides!"

And with a vigorous slap of the reins, Farmer Nubbins got his team under motion and struck out across the field, leaving the disappointed *vade mecum* colporter to clamber back over the fence and travel wearily on in search of a more gullible customer.

Will S. Gidley.

#### CAPTURING A BUTTERFLY.

THERE it hung against the wall of the pretty room. It swung from ribbons as blue as strips of summer skies. It was the "latest thing" in the way of a butterfly net. It was an anticipation of the summer to come rather than a souvenir of the past.

They had quarreled during the summer and that was unpleasant and their comfortable philosophy bade them forget all unpleasantness.

It was very unkind of him, you will all agree, to call her "a butterfly" just because she danced and flitted about much in manner like unto butterflies. The quarrel followed. They both staunchly declared to themselves when they parted that "they didn't care."

Didn't they care?

Winter and the railway mail cars brought white messengers of peace in the form of forgiving letters across the continent. One

gracious sentence ran "When summer weather and clover meadows are here again I'll help you chase sunbeams and capture butterflies if you please."

The answer was that butterfly net with the request that she would hang it where it would not allow her to forget that pretty promise.

Are "butterflies" forgetful?

So there it swung.

Summer came.

A youth in summer flannels, a maid in blue gingham and a picturesque "garden-hat" carried the butterfly net across meadows and up the hillside and across the river.

At the end of the first week many butterflies had met a tender death of chloroform and at every day's close they were pinned in a row on the wall.

The second week he donned a wide, flapping "hickory" hat and she retreated into the bewitching depths of a blue sunbonnet with wide and long strings.

More pastoral, fewer butterflies.

Another week, the butterfly net starts forth bravely every morning and comes back empty every evening.

"Don't you think it rather cruel to take those pretty, harmless things out of the very heart of June?"

The butterflies now pass unmolested—even unseen thro' the orchard and over the lawn.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fireflies are gleaming and blinking, the mist is rising from the river, the butterfly-net and the blue sunbonnet are lying in a limp heap in the corner of the verandah. She kneels at the balustrade, her chin on her arms, her eyes shine with a happy light and her lips hold a tremulous smile, her eyes follow the hickory hat flapping down the road. She is dreaming, thinking—not of butterflies.

He is whistling the merriest bar of the merriest opera that came out last winter.

To-day he captured the "Butterfly." A willing butterfly with the heart of a woman.

Sadie E. Solomon.

## THE EVOLUTION OF OUR ARMY AND NAVY

BY FRANK H. LAMSON

THE war between the United States and Spain has been in progress about four weeks. It has resulted in the conquest of the Philippine Islands, the destruction of the Spanish armada in the Pacific, and the capture of twenty-four Spanish vessels in Cuban waters. Eight American sailors have been slightly wounded, five killed and so far as the record of Spanish captures has been reported to this country, only two American ships have been taken by the cruisers of Spain.

Sixty days before the opening of hostilities the United States was very far from being ready to meet the hostile fleets of Spain. Our ships were unmanned with the necessary crews; our supplies of guns and ammunition were inadequate, and the fifty millions of dollars appropriated by Congress for National defense, as a preliminary step to the closing of diplomatic negotiations with Spain, were speedily expended in preparing for the contest at hand.

It was not until twenty years after the Civil war that the United States set about building up the modern navy. The memorable sea fight between the ironclads Monitor and Merrimack in Hampton Roads during the Civil war changed the entire character of naval warfare. The wooden ships of old were displaced by the steel ships of to-day, and heavily armored battleships, monitors and steel-protected cruisers took the places of the old warships of the navy. The ingenuity of the American maritime force was directed to the production of highly-tempered armorplate which would resist the most powerful guns then known to naval warfare. This was accomplished to the delight of the armor makers. Then followed a rivalry among the gun makers to produce a high-power rifled cannon that would send a projectile through the best armorplate. In a large measure the effort of the gun makers was successful.

Then in the matter of moving troops and

the formation of lines of battle, changes have been made since the Civil war that are yet to be tested. All that is known about the possible effect of these changes is that they will lessen the brutalities of actual war, change the formation of lines, and increase the distance between combatants.

But in the thirty years of profound peace the machinery of war was permitted to rest in seclusion and to accumulate the rust and dust of time. When it was announced that the United States fleets at sea had captured a number of prizes among the Spanish fleets of trading vessels it was discovered that the paraphernalia for prize courts had been resting in the departments of the government here through all these years and was not in shape for use.

"Revenge is sweet, especially to women,  
Pillage to soldiers, prize money to seamen."

The avowed policy of the United States in entering upon this war was that it should be for humanity, not for revenge; for the cause of civilization and liberty, not for hate and revenge upon the Spaniard, even for the loss of the "Maine." That shut out the revenge, which in old wars was a prime factor in moving armies. In modern warfare pillage is denied to soldiers. But prize money to seamen remains as in the days of old, and bounty to seamen continues to be an incentive to the heroes of naval warfare. Dewey has gained renown as a place in the highest niche of history with Paul Jones, Farragut and others of the Nation's illustrious naval heroes. He may also come in for a liberal share of bounty. On the eleven ships of the Spanish squadron in the Philippines there are reported to have been about 1,800 Spanish marines and officers. Under the bounty law the men of the American fleet receive a bounty of \$100 for each person aboard the fleet or ship destroyed, provided the ships of the enemy were of inferior force to our own,



and \$200 for each person if the destroyed ships, were superior. Under the prize-money law one-half the value of the prize taken goes to the United States if the captured prize is inferior to the American ship or fleet making the capture, but if superior the whole of the value of the prize, less the cost of the prize court and sale, goes to the captors.

Inquiry at the bureau of prize money in the Treasury department brings the information that the paraphernalia of the prize money division is the same to-day as it was in 1864. The blank form of procedure is dated December 1, 1864, and contains the signatures of the then Comptroller of the Treasury. Thus it is that the work of appointing a prize court, which may be done by any United States District court, must be arranged according to the laws in force in 1864. Prize money or bounty is divided among the crews of the ships effecting the capture according to the rank and pay of the officers and men. Five per cent. of the whole amount which goes to the fleet is paid to the commander of the fleet, five per cent. of the amount paid to a single ship to the captain of that ship, and the remainder is divided in proportion to the pay of men participating in the capture.

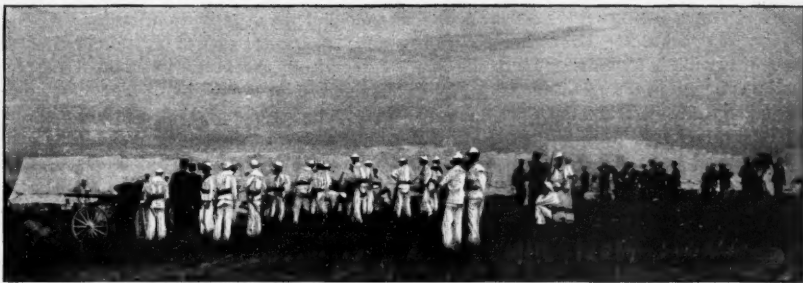
The navy of the United States in the present war meets battleships and cruisers of Spain armed with lighter and less powerful guns than are carried by our ships. Guns and gunnery are the power of the modern navy. In these respects the American fleets have outranked the Spaniard. The modern gun of high power is capable of sending an armor piercing shell through the sides of the protected cruiser or battleship of the enemy. The fighting range of the ships is a greater distance than in the old days. Paul Jones and his grappling tactics, and boarders pouring over the sides of the enemy's ship would have no place in the sea-fight of to-day. The high-power cannon is destructive at a range of more than five miles. Such cannon is moved by machinery, and the range-finders are mechanical devices which show the range of the enemy's ship without sighting along the monster forty-foot gun, and despite the smoke of battle which clouds the immediate view of the gunners. Mon-

ster engines of destruction are the modern battleships and monitors. Revolving turrets, mounting 13-inch cannon, and protected by the best armor in the world, form the destructive forces of the modern American navy.

The repeating rifle carried by the land troops of the United States have displaced the old muzzle-loaders of the Civil war period. In the old days the point of danger between the combating armies was approximately 200 yards. To-day it is 500 or 600 yards. The tendency of these changes in the relative distances of the armies is to detract from the brutality of warfare on land. In the days of Hannibal and Cæsar, when the legions met in hand-to-hand combat, it was a battle to the death, and the vanquished were destroyed. Modern warfare, while destructive, within the range of the high-power rifles, and certain to be bloody where the conflict is at close range, it would not mean the wholesale destruction of armies, such as was witnessed in the old days. It is now a question of maneuvering for position, and the days of attacking an intrenched enemy protected by batteries have gone by.

Moreover, in modern arrangement of troops, with what is known as open order formation, the land forces will no longer fight shoulder to shoulder in line of battle, as in the Civil war. Thus is removed one of the strongest incentives to personal courage displayed by the soldiers of the Republic. Again, in modern warfare the greatest change of all is in the personal equation of the men. More now depends upon the individual coolness and bravery and discipline of the men. Lines are formed with an advance of the firing line moved three feet to the front, with three feet of space around each man. As one falls on the firing line, his place is taken by one from the support line, three feet to the rear, and the line of reserves is filled from the supports next in the rear.

In times of peace many of these important points in land and naval warfare were neglected, or were put forward only as experiments, without the advantage of actual use. The time for the test has come, and the world will watch with interest the results on land and sea.



THE NAVAL RESERVES "IN CAMP."

Photograph taken on Lovell's Island, Massachusetts.

## THE NAVAL MILITIA

UNCLE SAM'S LAND "MARINES"

BY HERBERT D. SAWYER

THE science of naval warfare has produced wonders in the past twenty-five years. Indeed the assertion is justifiable that with armored ships and their equipment, with steel guns and projectiles, we have revolutionized fighting at sea. With the progress of invention as applied to modern fighting machines it was inevitable that a new ideal of men to man them would arise. This expressed itself in the formation of a special naval contingent in England soon after the first "floating castles" were launched. An idea of the completeness of the naval reserve of Great Britain may be obtained from the single detail that the captain and chief officers of every Cunarder and of all other important passenger fleets sailing under the British flag is a member of it.

### ITS INCEPTION.

In accordance with the spirit of the motto, which is part of the seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and true to the tradition with she has always upheld this state led the way in the formation of a "Naval Reserve" on this side of the water.

Credit for the agitation of interest which finally led to the meeting of March 25, 1890, at which the first company of volun-

teers was formed is due to John C. Soley, a veteran commander of the United States navy, who is now spending his closing days in retirement in New Jersey. The original plan, which has been adhered to, was that of a trained body of men to be of assistance in any and every way possible aboard our warships, and as a "landing party" whenever the regular service required them. They were formed to act as a state force—a naval adjunct to the regular land militia. The general laws and regimen were to be the same as those governing the state militia, the new force, however, to be kept entirely separate, as their special service required. The original form of the organization consisted of four divisions of enlisted men in charge of divisional officers. For land service the force was to be kept intact as a "landing party" from the ship to which they were attached. They were thus divided into battalions of 208 men, under a lieutenant commander. The headquarters staff consisted of paymaster, surgeon, adjutant, equipment officer, ordnance officer, and a petty staff—in all about 225 men, to a battalion. The official designation of the force as agreed upon was Naval Battalion, "Massachusetts Volunteer Militia."

## THE MASSACHUSETTS BOYS.

The Massachusetts Naval Militia consists of two full battalions, of which the second was begun in 1893, and was made up of divisions from the following towns outside of Boston: Lynn, Springfield, New Bedford, and Fall River. The circumstances under which the Massachusetts Naval

Militia was formed were exceptionally favorable from the start. The time was at the completion of the White Squadron, which, as it paraded in the various chief ports of the country, awakened general enthusiasm. Commander Soley had no difficulty in interesting as chief officers to take charge of the new arm of the service, men who had graduated from Annapolis and who had seen regular sea service in our navy. The present ranking

officer is Captain Jno. A. Weeks, during business hours a Boston stock broker, who is as fine a specimen of a Yankee naval man as ever trod the deck of a battleship. The commanding officers of the four original divisions were all graduates of the naval academy, as were a number of the subordinate officers. A considerable proportion of the first men enlisted were yachtsmen who responded readily to the idea of a naval militia on account of their general interest in aquatics. The per-

sonnel of the organization was for such reasons superior to that of most other enlisted forces from the very start, and it has remained quite unimpaired. The first commander—the man, in fact, who may be rightly called “the father of the American Naval Militia,” John C. Soley, was also the Commodore of the Massachusetts Yacht

Club, a number of whose members were the first names enrolled on the roster. By the wise selection of such men, as his subordinate officers, as would give an open and immediate character to the Naval Militia; he succeeded in enlisting the most desirable elements from the start. The organization of a Massachusetts battalion was closely followed by New York. Shortly after, an appropriation of \$25,000 yearly, cover-



CAPTAIN JOHN A. WEEKS.

Commanding officer of the first naval brigade formed in the United States.

ing the entire force in the United States, was obtained from Congress, which in 1893 was doubled. The general character of the story of the Massachusetts battalion is very largely that of all others in the service. There are now organizations in seventeen states representing fully every section of the country.

These are divided into twenty-three battalions, commanded by four hundred and twenty-seven officers, with a total enlistment of four thousand, five hun-

dred and one men.

#### THE TRAINING AND THE TACTICS.

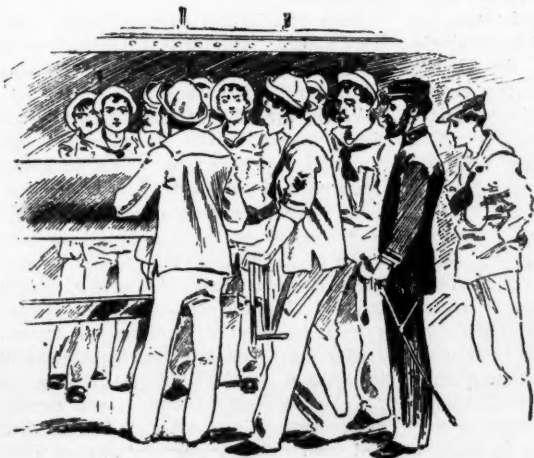
The tactics adopted are the same for all organizations. The infantry drill of the United States regulars is learned in its entirety, although it cannot, of course, be brought to the same perfection, being but a single branch of duty. But if the men who are now manning the "Prairie," the "Catskill" and the "Lehigh," every one of whom is a naval militiaman, are sent ashore to fight in the present conflict, they may be trusted to give a good account of themselves. The artillery drill consists of thorough practice with navy field mounts, or guns taken ashore to do service as land artillery; the "secondary battery," or small guns used on deck and in the boats during a light attack; and finally, proficiency in heavy battery drill, which means the capability to handle the heaviest guns Uncle Sam has afloat. The whole idea of the naval militia



DANCING ON THE "MINNESOTA" AFTER SUNSET.

summed up in a word, is that each man is at least well acquainted with every part of a line-of-battleship, and every means of attack or defense which she carries as soon as he steps aboard of her. With opportunities for field and shore practice at Salem and Marblehead in the summer, with a chance now and then to man, wholly or in part, the big cruisers, and on one occasion the battleship "Massachusetts," for a week, when

visiting this port, the Massachusetts Naval Brigade long ago attained this standard of general efficiency, and proceeded to turn its attention to the development of a standard of perfection in special branches of the service. Thus an engineer division of twenty-five men has been organized, which is competent to handle a battleship of the first class in an emergency. There is also a torpedo division, every man of whom is of the highest practical value on vessels carrying torpedoes. A single direction in which the whole brigade has attained the



THE CREW TRAINING IN THE FORMS OF LOADING AND FIRING.



THE NAVAL CADETS ON THEIR TOUR OF DUTY.

Photograph taken on board the U. S. S. "Columbia."

most remarkable efficiency is marksmanship. Every man of the entire double battalion, officers and men, is a qualified marksman under state rules. Nor does the brigade stop here. It succeeded two years ago in raising an entire division to the grade of sharpshooters, an honor up to that time attained by no single company of land militia in the United States. That there are some remarkable records at target practice by the organization goes without special record here. And many of these have been made with the guns of the "Massachusetts" and the "Columbia."

#### THE "TOURS OF DUTY."

To give an idea of a practical experience which no militia in time of peace can hope to achieve, the first two "tours of duty" of a week, in summer, of the first battalion of the Massachusetts boys were done on the old "Wabash," anchored then, as now, in the waters of Charlestown navy yard, in connection with the vessels of war of our own navy, then lying in the harbor. In 1893 the "San Francisco" and the "Miantonomah" came here and sent

ashore as many of their men as possible to make room for the force of enlisted men then in the battalion. The men have lived the life of men-of-war on men-of-war for one week every summer since the organization.

Such practice has alternated with camp duty ashore. The force is transformed into a landing party, field pieces are set up, and sham fighting takes place.

When the old frigate "Passaic" was finally loaned by the government, a few summers ago, the men were delighted. They went to work with a will, scraped her sides, cleaned her bottom, and painted her from stem to stern. With one of her trips down the harbor that year a flotilla of small boats was sent along, with a gun in each bow, which at the signal attacked the consort, and a sham battle at sea was fought. Under such unexceptional circumstances for practice duty as these, the efficiency of the Massachusetts battalion, and equally good accounts have come from New York and other states, was proved at once when they were called on for active service in the war with Spain a few weeks ago.



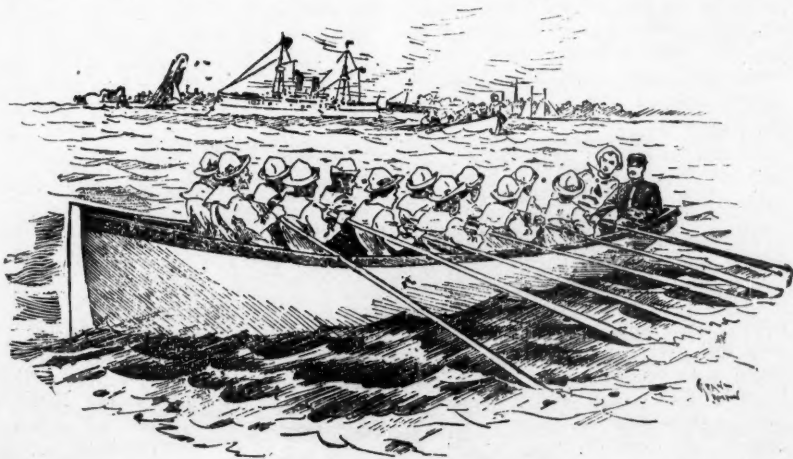
## THE CALL TO DUTY.

The first detail sent to the "Prairie" at Philadelphia, of 70 men, filled every position aboard of her that was called for—carpenter's mate, shipwright, blacksmith, plumber and fitter, painter, chief machinist, all were found at once. To the monitors "Catskill" and "Lehigh" were furnished on call, a detail of twenty-four men, all of whom were skilled machinists, water tenders and oilers. The men who took these positions, be it understood, have received no pay during the years they have been developing, except the regular wage during the "tour of duty," all of which has gone into the treasury of each company. They now begin with the full pay of their rank in active service at once. The honor of the first call to war duty under the flag came to the Massachusetts men, although New York followed, a close second.

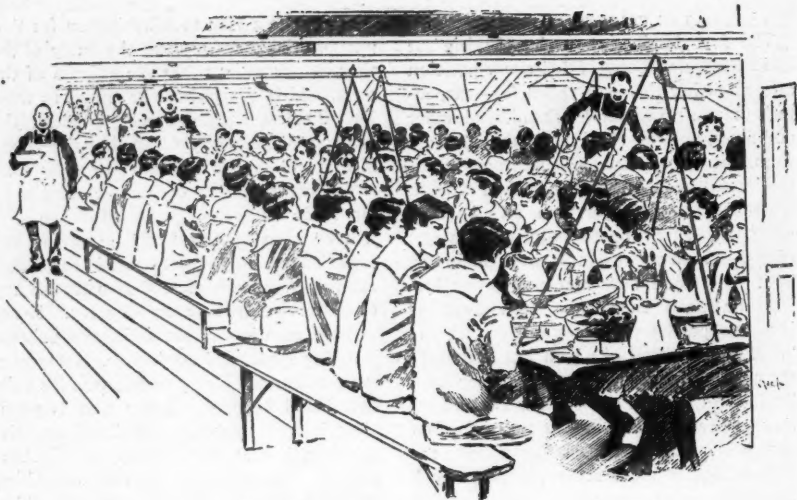
The second call to the "Prairie" was for one hundred men. That vessel and the monitors "Catskill" and "Lehigh" are now manned from stem to stern by the Massachusetts naval militiamen, under their own officers, and her career and that of her sisters will be watched from these shores with a great deal of interest.

To preserve the *esprit du corps* of the Massachusetts brigade, to keep the men together in the present struggle, has been the especial ward of Captain Weeks, who re-

cently made a visit to Washington for that purpose. This end, during the hurry of the time, is something that the officers of the naval militia everywhere have had to *work* for. That it has been accomplished, the promise of Secretary Long that the Naval Militia will be given a chance to show what stuff they are made of, and the details so far made are satisfactory assurance. As will be seen by this hasty glance at the organization the requirements in the Naval Militia cover more ground than that of any other service in the army or navy. Every enlisted man in the Massachusetts brigade is to-day a qualified marksman. Every man can pull an oar. Every man knows his rifle, barrel and bayonet. Every man is proficient in artillery drill on land and sea. Every man knows the infantry tactics thoroughly. Every man knows something practical about the great guns. Speaking for the Massachusetts brigade, which, at the time of this writing has been mustered on to our warships—all but one hundred men—it has developed a thoroughly well equipped and drilled signal squad—its men are now manning the signal station on this coast from Monhegan to Block Island—a thoroughly like torpedo division; and an engineer corps of twenty-five men, capable of manning the engines of any ship in the service. They can board any vessel of war and man any part of her. And yet they



NAVAL MILITIA CREWS OUT FOR BOAT PRACTICE.



AT MESS ON A TRAINING SHIP.

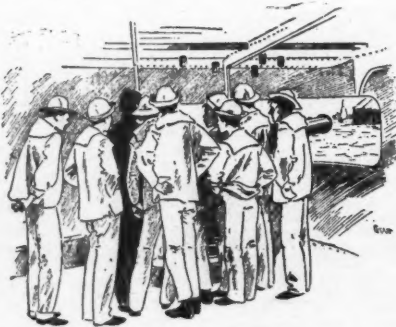
are only a militia formation organized primarily as a second line of coast defence. The exigencies of the time have put them on warships and sent them to sea. It cannot be doubted they will give a good account of themselves. For the spirit of the organization in Massachusetts has always been kept at a very high standard. As a detail, the examination for petty officers of the various grades, includes a line of questions that, it is stated on the highest authority, many a man who had been on a "man-of-war" all his life could not answer.

The personnel of the Massachusetts brigade, as intimated at the opening of this article, is much higher than that of the average militia organization. The roster of the divisions includes among the seamen (privates) the names of many men who are engaged in important business avocations—a large percentage of them employers—in

Boston. Twenty-five of the men who went out to man the "Catskill," the "Lehigh" and the "Prairie," bear the fresh diploma of Harvard college, granted in advance by the Alma Mater. The four "crack" organizations of the United States Naval Militia are those of Massachusetts, New York, Maryland and Michigan, and these have been almost wholly drafted for service on deep sea ships.

It will be seen that the requirements for membership are of the most self-sacrificing character, and cover the widest range of duty known to any service. As the leading battalions which have been brought to the best possible grade of efficiency,

stand at the opening of our conflict with Spain, every man is a proficient in some important branch of duty, and with the *esprit du corps* prevailing it is reasonably expected that the Naval Reserve Battalion will not only justify itself, but win laurels.



LEARNING TO FIRE A FIVE-INCH GUN.



PHOTOGRAPH BY G. M. BELL.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS CABINET SHORTLY AFTER WAR WAS DECLARED.

## WAR TIMES AT THE WHITE HOUSE

BY MITCHELL MANNERING

THE eyes and ears of the country are centred upon the plain and modest White House in Washington, in this time of war. The visitor is impressed with the quiet dignity and serenity of the place.

Entering the broad steps and vestibule one is constantly touching elbows with senators and secretaries, as well as busy messengers, but there is nothing apparent to indicate the tension

of the hour. "To the left" up-stairs in the long lobby, Colonel Loeffler, doorkeeper to the president since General Grant's administration in 1869, is met. He is a small

German with his hair combed over his ears. He has little to do with strangers. It is members of congress, and the personal and public friends of the President requiring no introduction for whom he opens the short white



VESTIBULE HALL AT THE WHITE HOUSE.



FRONT VIEW OF WHITE HOUSE.

blind door, leading to the President's office. The general visitors are attended to by the President's private secretary, John Addison Porter who has made a particularly distinguished record in his capacity.

Another notable official about the White House is Assistant Secretary Purden, who carries the president's message to the Capitol in a matter of fact way, and with none of the ceremony of the early days of the country.

They all know Purden in Washington. He has been there so many years, and when he is seen on his way to the Capitol it invariably awakens a ripple of public interest.

The wait in the corridor is not specially indicative of stirring war times. The room, lighted by a large arched window, is plainly furnished with dining chairs on each side and two tables, and a patriotic silver water pitcher in the corner.

Secretary Porter has just had the big green door replace the white blind affair in his room, which seems to still further muffle any exciting sound of the click of the instruments in the "war room." The visitors are as quiet as at a funeral. In fact, about the only distinguishing thing noted in the White House during the present war, different from that of times of peace, is the racing click of tele-

graph instruments in Mr. Porter's room. Just now the character of visitors is changed from civil to military applicants for office. Several of the "gentlemen in waiting" were studiously trying to maintain a military attitude as well



STATE DINING ROOM OF WHITE HOUSE.

as they could in the low bouncing upholstered chairs. One lady, "with a letter to the President," was nervously pacing up and down, trying to divert her thoughts by glancing over the pictures on

the wall, which includes a group of presidents, cabinet size.

And this was where Lincoln passed those dark and trying days! The perspective of time gives an historical interest to the place, more than passing events can inspire.

As quiet and decorous as a country parsonage, the ushers and doorkeepers reading or dozing over their papers, messengers coming and going with leather bags containing momentous papers. The strain of it all is on that quiet, serene, pleasant-faced man, whose face has begun to show the wear of public service. Scarcely time to eat a meal before he is plunged into the work, a myriad of details to follow and through it all to remain cool and collected.

We cannot precisely measure the praise that history will mete out to President William McKinley, as the full weight of his wisdom and statesmanship is not yet reckoned, but it is safe to assert that this country never had a President with more of the genuine elements of greatness.

The very simplicity and quietude of life at the White House even during the stress of war times, is one of the marvels of our republic. No stiff and stern sentinels in glittering lace and tinsel, no pomp and ceremony of empty importance, the atmosphere of the White House is truly a reflection of the American idea—strictly business—everything business mingled with the dignity, cheeriness and freedom of American home life.

#### DAILY ROUTINE WORK OF THE PRESIDENT.

Every morning at nine o'clock President McKinley is found at his desk adjoining the Cabinet room, looking over important mail, with a cigar in his mouth and a pleasant smile for every one who enters, be he senator or usher. About ten A. M. the stream of visitors begins and it requires all of Secretary Porter's superb tact and Colonel Loeffler's firmness to hold them in check. The secretaries, senators and representatives are even kept under decided restrictions, although they are not always required to produce passports to go behind the white blind door. The conferences, cabinet meetings, and personal appointments take up the time pretty well to 1.30,

when the President goes to the residence side of the White House for his lunch. The old clock has not indicated 2.30 P. M. before the President is back again with a fresh cigar and at work again. His noon-ing "is the one hour." Occasionally, if the pressure of visitors is too great, a public reception is held in the afternoon at three P. M. in the east room on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. About five P. M. the carriage arrives and the daily drive is taken. Dinner is served at seven P. M., and from that time until ten P. M. the President usually devotes to required social functions but always promptly at ten P. M. he is back at his desk again, opening mail, and continues steadily at work until about twelve o'clock. Then with a pleasant "good-night" to all President McKinley seeks rest from as arduous and wearing a day's work as is allotted to any man.

But this quiet routine is not always maintained. There are moments of "extra time" for all the occupants, from usher to president. The memorable night when Congress passed the Cuban resolution and when the ultimatum was sent to Spain found the White House awakening to the old times when Lincoln sat night after night and awaited the appearance of telegraph messengers for important news. There were no telegraph instruments at the White House during the Civil war. During the moments of greatest suspense, at the dead of night, Lincoln would wrap his shawl about him and put on his tall hat and go to the army and navy buildings for the latest news from the front. Alone in his great responsibilities the heroism and greatness of Lincoln grows brighter and brighter as the years pass, just as will that of McKinley in years to come. The senators and representatives, who called often at the White House during the exciting days of April, 1898, were confined to no political party—it was the supreme moment when a re-united country was tested and not found wanting. The hush and lull is on again, and with serene dignity and simplicity, war times at the White House reflects a spirit of sincere homelike devotion to high and noble purposes, truly characteristic of the best in American citizenship.



## OUTBURST OF PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT

BY ARTHUR J. DODGE

THERE are scores of persons living to-day who were present and witnessed that glorious occasion when, at the outbreak of the Civil War, the immortal Senator Baker of California arose in his place in the Senate, attired in the uniform of a Union general, and made that memorable appeal to all men to come to the defense of the flag, and denouncing the efforts of the people of the South to disrupt the Union. The occasion was one of the greatest events of the old war time at the

Diplomacy is at an end. We stand upon the edge of war. The nation is one under its flag, sword in hand. If the word that now hesitates upon the lips shall be spoken, and the word "forward" shall be given, the tramp of armed men will not cease until the Stars and Stripes float over Morro Castle and Cabanas prison, nor until a shout of joy shall thrill the world like that which received the news that the Bastille had fallen. The key of the Bastille to-day is amongst the cherished relics of Mount Vernon. If it should become the destiny of the United States of America to hold the key of Cabanas prison hereafter amongst the memorials of its heroic deeds, it will be a fit companion piece for that relic which is now amongst the honored heirlooms of its history.—*John W. Daniel, U. S. Senator, Virginia.*

beginning of hostilities. Yet in point of soul-stirring enthusiasm, the scenes in both houses of Congress during the few days immediately preceding the opening of hostilities between the United States and Spain, far surpassed those which moved the great heart of the Nation in 1861.

The oratory of the days preceding this war was confined mainly to the Senate. There eloquent and patriotic men from the North, South, East and West told to the country the wrongs which the arrogant and despotic Spanish nation had inflicted

upon the struggling Cubans, upon the trade and commerce of the United States, and upon the property of our people. In language filled with patriotic fervor, and

The people I represent are to-day a unit, the American hearts within us throb and pulsate with the sense of wrong and indignation, and the blood which we inherited from Revolutionary sires tingles with the demand for justice upon the assassins who sent those American sailors to their death.—*Ben. R. Tillman, U. S. Senator, South Carolina.*

oratory that thrilled the listening Senate and the country, the leaders of that body told of these wrongs, culminating in the destruction of the battleship "Maine," and the duty which this government owed to God and humanity in putting an end to

We intervene, not for conquest, not for aggrandizement, not because of the Monroe doctrine; we intervene for humanity's sake; we intervene to gain security for the future; we intervene to aid a people who have suffered every form of tyranny and who have made a desperate struggle to be free. We intervene for our own permanent peace and safety. We intervene upon the highest possible ground, and upon this case we may, although with the utmost reluctance—for we are a people devoted to the arts of peace—go into the war, if it must come, confidently "invoking the considerate judgment of mankind and the blessing of Almighty God."—*John C. Spooner, U. S. Senator, Wisconsin.*

the horrors of Spanish dominion in Cuba.

In the House of Representatives oratory was subordinated to action. Under the masterly leadership of Speaker Reed, the representatives moved promptly and with a unanimity that was gratifying to the people of the country, to pass the resolu-

tions which served notice on Spain that her sovereignty on the Western Hemisphere must speedily come to an end. And yet, during the limited time given for dis-

I would reach out my left hand to Cuba Libre, bringing her in by the back door. I would stretch out both hands to the Cuban Republic, welcoming her at the front door as the latest born sister into the family of the nations of the world; and even if our armed intervention bring at present invisible, inaudible, and inexplicable conditions—for I do not understand the silence of the committee on that subject; I do understand the greater silence of the President's message—I shall put my trust in going with the majority. I shall have confidence that God in His providence will overrule these gigantic evils for the good of liberty and the welfare of mankind.—*David Turpie, U. S. Senator, Indiana.*

cussion of the measures leading up to war, opportunity was given for the eloquent men of the North and the South on the floor of the House to place on record in matchless oratory, their expressions of devotion to

When I enter upon this war, I want to enter upon it with a united American people, President and Senate and House, and Navy and Army, and Democrat and Republican, all joining hands and all marching one way. I want to enter upon it with the sanction of international law, with the sympathy of all humane and liberty-loving nations, with the approval of our own consciences, and with a certainty of the applauding judgment of history.

I confess I do not like to think of the genius of America angry, snarling, shouting, screaming, kicking, clawing with her nails. I like rather to think of her in her august and serene beauty, inspired by a sentiment even toward her enemies not of hate, but of love, perhaps a little pale in the cheek and a dangerous light in her eye, but with a smile on her lips, as sure, determined, unerring, invincible as was the Archangel Michael when he struck down and trampled upon the Demon of Darkness.—*George F. Hoar, U. S. Senator, Massachusetts.*

The war which is already upon us must be fought because it is the manifest destiny of this Republic to stand forever upon the Western Hemisphere a sentinel of liberty. It must come, because if we fail to listen to the voice of the suffering or the cry of the downtrodden upon this continent, we shall be untrue to those principles of liberty, humanity, and Christianity upon which this country is founded as upon a rock.—*Edward O. Wolcott, U. S. Senator, Colorado.*

the flag of the free, and to bear witness to the sentiment which pervaded all hearts that under the flag of a reunited people we should go to battle against the foreign foe, and that partisan dissention and division should end at the shoreline of the Republic.

History will record that in the discussion of the grave problems involved in the intervention resolutions in either branch of Congress, American oratory was equal to the

If war comes I would make it so severe that the flag of Spain would be driven from every holding of hers on the face of the earth except the little country she occupies in Europe, and I would say to the allied powers, if they raised a question of intervention on our part, "We will fight the world in arms in defense of the right of the American people to control the affairs of the Western Hemisphere as they think they ought to be controlled." All you need to do is to say it, say it with our Anglo-Saxon vigor, say it with American pluck back of it, say it with 75,000,000 of united people, with the greatest wealth in the world back of them, and the world will stand and consider and they will not put their hand upon us.—*Henry W. Teller, U. S. Senator, Colorado.*

greatest that has been heard in our legislative halls during all the glorious days of the past. The sentiments expressed were of the loftiest and most patriotic nature, all testifying to the purity of the motives of the American people in entering upon this war, and the unanimity with which our people from all sections would rally to the defense of the flag on land and sea.

Amid scenes most inspiring were the sentiments of American statesmen spread upon record explaining the causes of the war and the justification which the United States has in demanding the surrender by

I do not know what the future will bring, I do not know what may come, but if war must come—and I believe it certain; I would have preferred that we should have escaped it, but war is upon us—and while I shall not predict the action of the people of the section from which I come, I indulge the hope that in the near future, at the close of some glorious day upon the plains of Cuba, when the flag of our country waves victoriously over the stricken field, the commanding general may be able truthfully to say that the soldiers of the South and the soldiers of the North each showed such superb and magnificent courage on this day that no mortal man can say that the one is superior to the other.—*James H. Berry, U. S. Senator, Arkansas.*

Spain of her sovereignty in Cuba. In the Senate and House each day was witnessed the pathetic picture of the deliberations of these great bodies of American legislators

This war has been alluded to as a Republican war and to be fought under Republican banners, and in the sense that it is to be conducted under a Republican Administration and by a Republican President, this allusion is correct, but the history of all American conflicts tells us that when confronted by a foreign foe, differences of this character are reduced to a minimum, and that the party in power has always been accorded the most cordial and hearty support by their opponents.

We are still Democrats and Republicans, but above all we are Americans; and in this conflict the Democrats will vie in generous rivalry with their Republican friends, each striving to excel in efforts to bring an early, complete, and glorious triumph to our cause.—*Joseph Wheeler, M. C., Alabama.*

opened with prayer by the blind chaplains, Dr. Milburn in the Senate and Dr. Couden in the House. From early morning

throughout each day the corridors and passage ways leading to both houses were thronged with anxious people desirous of obtaining access to the chambers to listen to the proceedings which were fraught with so much momentous meaning to the people of the country.

At the break of day the steps of the Capitol and the roadways leading to that great building were crowded with people anxious to obtain admission in order that

Throughout all of the history of the Government Spanish civilization on the American continent has been a menace to us and to our institutions. Throughout the whole history of our people and of our past it has presented to us great and difficult problems with which we had to deal.

In all the various Spanish settlements and Spanish colonies on this continent we have had the same perplexing problems that we have met with and are meeting with now, and we have taken them in hand in the past and inducted them into the glorious field of statehood. And so again to-day, after all of these years of Spain's government of Cuba, with the patriots struggling for liberty and to protect themselves from oppression, with courage and heroic devotion to the cause of liberty, we extend our hands to these patriots who for thirty years have fought Spanish oppression, Spanish brutality, Spanish butchery, and Spanish wrong.—*Hugh A. Dinsmore, M. C., Arkansas.*

they might secure seats when the houses opened many hours later. For five and six hours each day these people stood in line, or rested on steps waiting for the opening of the daily sessions. Everywhere there was suppressed excitement and the nerves of the people were at the highest tension.

When the sessions of Congress opened at 12 o'clock a most inspiring scene was presented. The spacious galleries were filled. The appearance of Secretary Pruden at the entrance of either house, with a message from the President, was the occasion for breathless stillness during the announcement of the message and its presentation and formal reading before the members of either body.

Quiet pervaded the chambers until consideration of the Cuban question was resumed. In the Senate chamber during the great orations by Senators Hoar, Wolcott, Spooner, Daniel or White, the area back of the seats occupied by the senators was thronged by visiting members from the House, who came to hear the discussion of the question by the venerable leaders and brilliant lawyers of the upper House. Then the scene would shift and over in the House of Representatives the leaders would occupy the attention of the assembled multitude while the subject of the oncoming war was presented according to the view of the representatives in the popular branch.

Across the dividing aisle of the Senate would be seen the classic features of the eloquent Senator Daniel of Virginia, supported by his crutches, but powerful and resourceful in debate, engaging in a running debate with the venerable Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts on the Republican side. The points brought out would develop differences only as to methods of procedure, but the aims and purposes of these bril-

We stand, as I believe, in one of the greatest and most momentous eras in the history of our country; and as an American Representative I want to make a strong appeal to the men of this House without respect to party. When the roll is called and the demand is made upon them to defend American honor and American rights, which have been assailed by the Spanish nation, I ask that one and all will rise in their places and cast their votes to show the world, as we did a few weeks ago, that however we may differ upon matters of detail, we are Americans one and all and that politics cease at the seacoast.—*Robert Adams, Jr., M. C., Pennsylvania.*

liant representatives of different parties and sections of the country were the same. Their smooth and graceful oratory, or their impassioned utterances as they struck the higher notes of patriotic devotion to flag and country, to liberty and the dearest interests of a united people, were to the same purpose.

On the Democratic side of the Senate, resting on a crutch, which served as a

The time has come, in the opinion of this country, for action on this great question. It has been discussed by the public press; it has been discussed in the pulpit; it has been discussed in the House and in the Senate; it has been discussed at every fireside in the American Republic, and we believe that the time has come, sad as it is that I must express it, that this country can no longer delay action in the Cuban situation. Everything has been done by our Chief Executive to secure peace on that island without arms, but in vain; and the time has come when arms, the last resort, must be appealed to by our country. I have been and am for peace, but not at the expense of my country's peace and honor. Spain must leave the western seas, and forever.—*David B. Henderson, M. C., Iowa.*

support in place of the leg he lost in the battle of Corinth, stood Senator Berry of Arkansas, debating with the forceful Spooner of Wisconsin, who, although a boy in 1864, won a captain's rank and a major by brevet in the Union army. They differed as to the plans for intervention in Cuba. The notes of their utterances respecting the duty of all men in this juncture were on the same key.

It was a scene to be remembered by the American people everywhere when the matchless international lawyer, Davis of Minnesota, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, appeared shoulder to shoulder with the venerable Senator Morgan of Alabama, also a member of that great committee, in support of the policy of a Republican president, and for immediate action to drive the Spaniard from Cuba. Davis was a soldier of the Union, while Morgan entered the Confederate army as a private and rose to the rank of brigadier-general. In the House the plans of the Committee on Foreign Affairs on the floor were conducted by the acting chairman, Mr. Adams of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Dinsmore, Democrat, from Arkansas. There were divisions between the parties in the House, as in the Senate, over minor details in the proceedings, and as to the wording of the resolutions to be adopted. But one may see from the senti-

ments expressed by these party leaders that their hearts were tuned to the spirit of American liberty and a united country under the banner of the Republic.

The venerable "Fighting Joe" Wheeler of Alabama, now a major-general of volunteers, by appointment of President McKinley, joined with General Grosvenor of Ohio in declaring that this war is to be fought by the American people, North, South, East and West, and not as partisans of parties in which our people are divided over matters of domestic concern.

Unity of action now is worth a hundred battle ships and unnumbered legions. Neither party spirit nor personal ambition should find a place in this high transaction.  
*Julius C. Burrows, U. S. Senator, Michigan.*

But above and beyond all be it said, to the glory of the names of American statesmen, the sentiments uttered by all were of the loftiest and

The despair of men and women, the bitter cry of starving children, the agonies of the living, the skeletons of the dead—these incredible realities of Spanish warfare have driven from the minds of the American people all thought of themselves, of their commerce scattered to the winds, of their property despoiled, of their countrymen cast into dungeons, of their seamen entrapped and assassinated; all thought even of the ragged little army of freedom yonder in the invincible mountains of Santiago, and filled the heart of the great Republic with a realization of its divine mission of help and mercy to the perishing multitudes of that wasted and stricken population.—  
*Jonathan P. Dolliver, M. C., Iowa.*

most patriotic character. They spoke as honored representatives of a God-fearing people, who will go to battle in the cause of liberty and humanity, with no thought of vengeance, shedding blood and spending treasure for civilization and the welfare of mankind.

## \*SONG OF THE BANNER AT DAYBREAK

*Poet.*

O a new song, a free song,  
Flapping, flapping, flapping, flapping, by sounds, by  
voices clearer,  
By the wind's voice and that of the drum,  
By the banner's voice and child's voice and sea's voice and  
father's voice,  
Low on the ground and high in the air,  
On the ground where father and child stand,  
In the upward air where their eyes turn,  
Where the banner at daybreak is flapping.

Words! book-words! what are you?  
Words no more, for hearken and see,  
My song is there in the open air, and I must sing,  
With the banner and pennant a-flapping. \* \* \* \*

*Pennant.*

Come up here, bard, bard,  
Come up here, soul, soul,  
Come up here, dear little child,  
To fly in the clouds and winds with me, and play with the  
measureless light.

*Child.*

Father what is that in the sky beckoning to me with long  
fingers?  
And what does it say to me all the while?

*Father.*

Nothing my babe you see in the sky,  
And nothing at all to you it says—but look you my babe,  
Look at these daring things in the houses, and see you  
the money shops opening,  
And see you the vehicles preparing to crawl along the  
streets with goods;  
These, ah these, how valued and treasured for these!  
How envied by all the earth. \* \* \* \*

*Poet.*

I am that which unseen comes and sings, sings, sings,  
Which babbles in brooks and scoots in showers on the land,  
Which the birds know in the woods mornings and evenings,  
And the shore sands know and the hissing wave, and that  
banner and pennant,  
Aloft there flapping and flapping.

*Child.*

O father it is alive—it is full of people—it has children,  
O now it seems to me it is talking to its children,  
I hear it—it talks to me—O it is wonderful!  
O it stretches—it spreads and runs so fast—O my father,  
It is so broad it covers the whole sky.

*Banner and Pennant.*

Point this day, leaving all the rest, to us over all—and yet  
we know not why,  
For what are we, mere strips of cloth profiting nothing,  
Only flapping in the wind?

*Poet.*

I hear and see not strips of cloth alone,  
I hear the tramp of armies, I hear the challenging sentry,  
I hear the jubilant shouts of millions of men, I hear  
Liberty! \* \* \* \*  
Out of reach, an idea only, yet furiously fought for, risking  
bloody death, loved by me,  
So loved—O you banner leading the day with stars  
brought from the night!  
Valueless, object of eyes, over all and demanding all—  
(absolute owner of all)—O banner and pennant!  
I too leave the rest—great as it is, it is nothing—houses,  
machines are nothing—I see them not,  
I see but you, O warlike pennant! O banner so broad, with  
stripes, I sing you only,  
Flapping up there in the wind.

—Walt Whitman.

\* From "Leaves of Grass," published by Small & Maynard.



# CLUB WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

*Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar.*

## A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

**A**T this time, when the arrangements for next year's work are being outlined in the clubs, it may not come amiss to offer a few suggestions.

The large clubs which have plenty of money to work with are able, very easily, to provide generously for lectures and classes, but in the smaller clubs, where the fees are inconsiderable, the yearly work has to be arranged carefully and with infinite thought, in order that as much as possible may be gotten from the resources.

There is a great advantage in having men lecture in the women's clubs, and in every city and town there are intellectual and practical men who will be glad to assist club women with lectures upon subjects that occupy public attention and upon special matters that may be of benefit and interest.

Current events should receive the attention of every club, and so far as possible there should be a careful study of literature and art.

If a club is small, of not more than fifteen or twenty, it is well to make the study of current events very full and allow it to include all matters pertaining to literature and art, as well as to events that relate to public affairs, to science and to the movements of notable persons. These clubs should not fail to have lectures, aside from the club papers. Outside influences stimulate a club to higher effort and vary the work pleasantly.

There is one departure that ought to be taken by every club in the country. The best physicians in each city and town should be prevailed upon to give practical lectures to the public under the auspices of the women's clubs, and these should be designed to help persons to a better

knowledge of the laws of health and how to aid the physician intelligently in his treatment of disease.

Lectures upon the subject of common law would be most valuable. In these days it is only the small man or woman who fears to speak openly upon his or her profession. A knowledge of a few of the principles of medicine and law will be an aid to the professions rather than an injury.

If courses of history are taken up, let them be upon broad lines. It is impossible to study the history of one country alone and ever come to an intelligent understanding of it. The grave questions that bring about great events and startling changes in national life, are the results of combined influences that involve other nations and peoples, and the study of history must be comparative, to be just and clear.

Careful considerations of matters pertaining to national life, teach the importance of individual character; a well developed taste for art and its high principles, elevates human character; and to be able to draw inspiration from the sublime thoughts of great writers, is to strengthen and build character. And upon character depends our happiness or misery, our glory or our shame.

All club study should be so directed that the minds of members should be stimulated to thought and to eagerness in seeking correct conclusions. There is a grand underlying principle of unity in the history, the literature, art and science of a people, a unity brought about by climatic conditions, physical and mental development, certain social evolutions and the eternal fact that history repeats itself.

There are certain persons who think that the woman's club organization has reached its height and will begin to decline. This

view cannot be entertained for a moment. The marvelous spirit of conservatism that has marked the whole movement insures its firm standing.

It is a fact that the clubs have been active agents against the extreme and radical movement of the suffrage for women. The average woman realizes that she is not prepared yet for the privilege of the ballot. There are many women who are eminently fitted to enjoy this privilege, but the great majority shrink from the burden it would cast upon them.

A woman's sphere is wide, a sphere that is bounded by no limitations. She is absolute in the domain of home, where sons and daughters must be trained for the high duties of life.

In and through her club, woman may reach out for the best and most careful instruction that will make her strong and wise for working out her destiny.

There is no shadow of the sign that our clubs are weakening. Rather they are growing each day in the public estimation; for every home in which there is a club woman, feels an impulse for good from their influence.

So, let the work for next year be arranged with prudence and care, and with a view to extending liberal thought, and the best idea of individual effort.

THE "Ray Palmer Club," of Newark, N. J., of which Mrs. Laura G. C. Smith is president, closes its working year the last week in May. It is a wide-awake organization of fifty-five members and has accomplished much in this last year.

The closing afternoon will be full of interest, as it embraces a review of current events, the roll call with quotations apt for May, some notes on "California," a paper on "Literary Current Events," a recitation of the "Composite Ghost" and a series of five-minute papers on what the "Twentieth Century Has Done for This Century."

THE year of the Adrian, Michigan, "Woman's Club," Miss Dora E. Bennett, president, closed in April, and it has been a year full of valuable work that embraced important periods of history with occasional glimpses of what these periods pro-

duced in the way of religious beliefs, education and literary workers. Our own country came in for a generous share of study and the last literary afternoon was filled with a review of Fiske's "Critical Period of American History." Papers on the "Making of the Constitution," on "William Cullen Bryant," on the "Brook Farm Commentary," on "Concord Authors and Their Followers," and on the "Literati of Cambridge and Boston."

After this there was a full discussion on the following subjects: Did this group we now begin to study form a school of American writers? What do you understand by Transcendentalism?

A RATHER unique organization is the Faculty Women's Club of Columbus, Ohio, of which Mrs. Joseph V. Denney is president. It is delightful to record that the members have devoted a whole year to a study of our own country, its art, music, literature, philanthropy, science, educational methods, professions, currency, race questions and our diplomatic and consular service. The closing meeting in May was given up wholly to a study of Ohio, its place in history and politics and its writers.

The club numbers sixty active and twenty honorary members, and stands among the foremost for its importance and influence.

THE program for the year's work of the "Ladies' Literary Club" of Ypsilanti, Michigan, Mrs. Will H. Sherzer, president, is one that could be used as a French art reference book, and also as an active aid in the study of sociology.

The last meeting occurs June 8, with the study of Moreau,—called the Burne-Jones of France,—and the "Rosicrucians," while in Sociology, "Public and Private Giving" is discussed and the question as to whether or not Philanthropy is a failure.

THE "Alumnae Club" of Louisville, Kentucky, Miss Anna J. Hamilton, president, closes its year in June, a year crowded full of valuable work. The last day for literary work will be occupied with papers on

Posters, on Miniatures, on Impressionism, and on Modern French Art.

This club carries on a remarkable department of Education, one also of Music, another of Philanthropy and one of Science, and has a full course of strong lectures by noted persons.

THE "New Century Club" of Akron, Ohio, of which Mrs. Charles Baird is president, has spent the entire year in the study of Russia, taking up every point of interest, from its physical features and language, to its history, religion, political methods, its art, literature and rulers.

It has been a rich field, and has done much to broaden the views of club members, for great questions have entered into the study, such questions as involve deep problems.

The last meeting of the club year was among the most enjoyable of the whole season. There was a strong paper on "Brighter Glimpses of Russia," one on "Russia's Strength," on her "Music," and a most enjoyable one by the club president, Mrs. Baird, on "Prominent Russian Women of the Present Century."

AT the Denver Biennial next June there will be an innovation in the way of a great deal of beautiful music, including splendid chorus work by the Tuesday Musical Club, a famous organization of women, by the Junior Chorus, composed of the daughters of the members of the Woman's Club of Denver and by a noted children's orchestra of the city. Fine vocal and instrumental solos will also enliven the monotony of papers and discussions.

Child study will be very much in evidence at the Biennial. There will be exhibits from the kindergartens, and from the kitchen gardens and school of Domestic Science, which have been so ably conducted by the Woman's Club. There will be a children's meeting, too, on Sunday afternoon at which Jane Addams will tell the children about her friends, the little Italian boys and girls of Chicago.

The great meeting of Sunday night on "The Spiritual Significance of Organization," will strike the key note of the Biennial. The speakers will be Jane Addams

of Hull House fame, Caroline Bartlett Crane, pastor of the noted People's Church of Kalamazoo, Mich., and Mrs. Belle Stoutenburg, president of the Nebraska federation. There will be a vesper service also at five o'clock, at which the subject will be the study of the Bible in women's clubs.

The Denver Woman's Press Club will have an exhibit including all the works of women writers of Colorado. This Press Club will be prepared to extend courtesies to its visiting sisters of the pen.

The Colorado Equal Suffrage Association will tender a reception to the delegates at which addresses will be made by Colorado women on this "peculiar institution" of the state, and at which questions may be asked by the visitors.

MONTCLAIR, New Jersey, has a wide-awake club, the "Wednesday Afternoon," and its motto for this year is worthy of note,—

"Not failure, but low aim is crime."

The topics for the year's study were suggested by previous work, and cannot fail to be of keen interest.

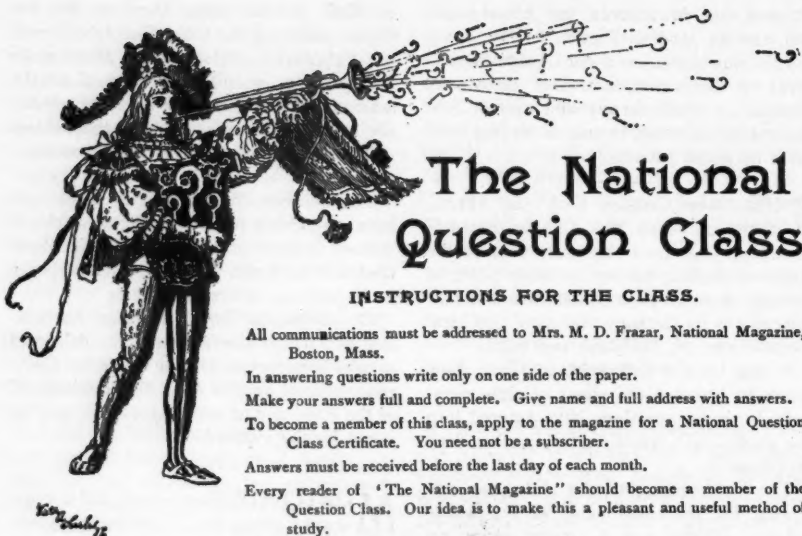
Under history there has been taken up "National Building," "The Issues Between Kings and People in Europe," "Republics, Old and New," the "Dangers that Threaten Us as a Nation" and "News Topics."

The literature class took up "What to Read and How to Read It," "Influence of the Concord School of Thinkers," the "Drama and Historical Novel as Interpreters of History," "Two Modern Statesmen, Bismarck and Gladstone" and "News Topics," "What Constitutes a Good Story," "Characteristics of Thackeray and Dickens," the "Lake Poets," "the Immortal in Shakespeare."

In Art there was a paper on "How to Enjoy the Best in Art," "Different Schools of Painting," "Periods in Architecture" and "Developments of Sculpture."

There was a series of afternoons devoted to Folk-Lore, with that of India, Greece, Scandinavian and German.

A list of books for reference makes the Wednesday Afternoon Club book most valuable for preservation.



# The National Question Class

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CLASS.

All communications must be addressed to Mrs. M. D. Frazar, National Magazine, Boston, Mass.

In answering questions write only on one side of the paper.

Make your answers full and complete. Give name and full address with answers.

To become a member of this class, apply to the magazine for a National Question Class Certificate. You need not be a subscriber.

Answers must be received before the last day of each month.

Every reader of "The National Magazine" should become a member of the Question Class. Our idea is to make this a pleasant and useful method of study.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar.

### IMPORTANT.

**M**ARCH and April answers are printed this month. May answers must be received by May 30, and will appear in the July issue.

### NOTES.

There was an error in the February answers, number 3, in Literature. It should read, "Hiram Powers" instead of *Walter Savage Lander*.

Send at once for a certificate of membership in the National Question Class.

Keep copies of all your answers sent in, using a notebook for them, in which you can also give fuller and more detailed notes relative to these answers.

Each month go carefully over your answers to correct any errors.

Leave spaces in your notebook for future references that you will be sure to come across in your reading.

This notebook will very soon become one of your most valued possessions.

### PRIZE WINNERS FOR MARCH.

First Prize: Mrs. D. W. Hakes, Colchester, Conn.

Second Prize: Mrs. George G. Cook, Milford, Mass.

Third Prize: John H. Benton, 426 O street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Fourth Prize: Miss Emily A. Watson, 611 Fifth avenue, New York.

### HONORABLE MENTION.

Miss Margaret H. Chandler, 16 Craigie street, Cambridge, Mass.

Calvin S. Locke, Westwood, Mass.

Miss Marion Gay, Kilsyth Rd., Brookline, Mass.

Miss Lizzie Usher, 805 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

E. H. Dockery, Boise, Idaho.

Florence M. Levy, 63 West 73d street, New York.

### ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTIONS.

#### Literature.

1. Thomas Gray, the poet, William Penn.

2. Voltaire, a famous French writer, left France for Prussia at the request of Frederick the Great, who had always admired him and invited him many times to

take up his residence there. From 1758 to 1778 he lived at Ferney, France.

3. "Moldies," scholars and professors.

"Dukes," nobility and clergy.

"Players," writers, actors, etc. They have also been called the *Academie des faineants*.

4. Gibbon, while at Oxford having become a Roman Catholic, was placed under the care and instruction of a Calvinist minister at Lausanne. While there he fell in love with Susanne Curchod (afterwards Madame Nucker, mother of Madame de Stael) but on his return to England the affair was broken off by his father.

5. The Castle of Chillon at the eastern end of Lake Geneva has been made famous by Byron in his celebrated poem called, "Prisoner of Chillon."

#### Art.

1. Paintings profuse in symbolism with masses of details elaborately worked in. A marvellous technical skill and graphic exactness for which Flemish paintings were so celebrated.

2. The Emperor Charles 5th visited the Artist Titian while he was at work and, stooping down, picked up a pencil which he had dropped, to the confusion and distress of the painter, when Charles paid the princely compliment, "Titian is worthy of being served by a Cæsar."

3. Wishing to give the town of Narbonne a token of his piety and munificence, Cardinal Guillian da Medici ordered two altar pieces for the cathedral of that ancient city. One of these he entrusted to Raphael, who painted the "Transfiguration," which he left unfinished at his death.

4. In the poem "Michael Angelo," by Longfellow, occurs the following:

"Behold yon line of roofs and belfries painted

Upon the golden background of the sky,  
Like a Byzantine picture or a portrait  
Of Cimabue. See how hard the outlines,  
Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded into shadow;

Yet that is Nature."

5. Pope Boniface VIII requested specimens of skill from various artists, with the view to the appointment of a painter to decorate St. Peter's. Giotto, with one flourish of his hand, without the aid of

compass, executed a perfect circle in red chalk and sent it as his contribution. It was accepted and Giotto was chosen as the Pope's painter for the occasion. From this incident arose the Italian proverb, "Round as the O of Giotto."

#### General.

1. A pair of Egyptian obelisks of pink granite were transported from Heliopolis to Alexandria. One of them was taken to London and set up on the banks of the Thames and the other placed in Central Park, New York.

2. The Olympic games were great festivals, partly religious and partly for amusement, held in the plains of Olympia every four years. Hercules was the founder of them.

3. The Rosetta Stone is the name given to a stone now in the British Museum, found near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. It is a piece of black basalt, with an inscription in three different languages. The stone is famous as having furnished the first key for the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics.

4. The Elgin marbles are a collection of ancient bas-reliefs and statues made by Lord Elgin at Athens and sent to England. They were purchased by the British government and placed in the British Museum.

5. Mous Meg, an old-fashioned piece of artillery in the Castle of Edinburgh; was made at Mous, in Flanders. Meg was a noted virago in the reign of Henry VIII. Her name has been given to several articles of immense size.

Mrs. D. W. Hakes,

Colchester, Conn.

#### NOTICE.

Prizes are awarded for *general excellence*. In the present case of the March answers, John H. Benton answered literature, No. 2, in more complete form than the prize answer:

"Voltaire, the literary genius patronized by Frederick the Great, accounted the village of Ferney, on the eastern border of France, his greatest practical work. Pointing to church, and theatre, chateau and farm-houses, the creations of his enterprise



and liberality, 'These,' said he, 'are the most innocent, and perhaps the most useful of all my works.'

Miss Lizzie Usher also gave a better answer to General, No. 2:

"The Olympic games, the most splendid national festival of the Greeks, were contests consisting of foot-races, chariot-races, boxing, wrestling and other athletic games, the victor being crowned with a garland of olive, and accorded great honors. The games were held once every four years in honor of Zeus on the plain of Olympia. Their origin extended back in the prehistoric ages, and was probably connected with the rites paid some deity. After being discontinued for a considerable period, the games were re-established by Iphitos, king of Elia, who may be said to have been their founder, and Lycurgus, the Spartan law-giver."

#### PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL.

First Prize: Miss Alice M. Freeman, Gibbins street, Somerville, Mass.

Second Prize: Calvin S. Locke, Westwood, Mass.

Third Prize: Helen S. Hastings, Kil-syth Rd., Brookline, Mass.

Fourth Prize: Lizzie B. Norton, 108 Hawthorne street, Malden, Mass.

#### HONORABLE MENTION.

Miss Emily A. Watson, 611 Fifth avenue, New York.

Mrs. D. W. Hakes, Colchester, Conn.

Miss Marietta Matthews, 122 Austin street, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Lizzie Woods, 515 W. Main street, Knoxville, Tenn.

#### ANSWERS FOR APRIL.

##### *Literature.*

1. The Sorbonne is the University of Paris. It was originally a theological college and was founded by Robert de Sorbon in 1250. It is now the seat of the three faculties of theology, science and lit-

erature. Richelieu is buried in the Church of the Sorbonne.

2. The charm of the Faun of Praxiteles suggested the writing of "The Marble Faun" by Nathaniel Hawthorne. The statue is in the Capitol Museum at Rome.

3. The Latin language ceased to be spoken in France during the ninth century, and was succeeded by a mixture of the language of the Franks and bad Latin, which was called the Romance language or dialect. Most of the early tales of chivalry were written in that language and were called "Romances." The name "Romance" is given to marvellous and half fabulous stories or poems.

4. "Mum," from mummeries of the middle ages. Mummerers wore masks to conceal the face or "to keep secret." Originally from Momus, god of mockery in Greek mythology.

5. The reign of Louis XIV is regarded the Augustan age of French literature. Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Fenelon, eloquent divines. La Fontaine, the fabulist; Corneille, poet; Racine, writer of tragedy, Moliere, writer of comedy, and La Bruyere, the philosopher.

##### *Art.*

1. In January, 1494, an unusual storm occurred in Florence and the snow lay from four to six feet deep. Piero de Medici, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, sent for Michael Angelo and bade him form a statue of snow in the courtyard of the palace. The Medici was so pleased with the result that he brought the artist to sit at his own table.

2. Raphael painted for the convent at Piacenza one of his most celebrated works. It was to decorate the altar in the chapel of St. Sixtus, from which it received its name of "Sistine Madonna." The painting is now in the Dresden Gallery.

3. Apollo Belvedere is so called because placed in the Belvedere Gallery in the Vatican Palace at Rome.

4. The famous statue of Pompey, supposed to be the statue which once stood in the Curio of Pompey, the one at the base of which "great Cæsar fell" is now in the Spada Palace in Rome.

5. Murillo, the famous artist of Seville, fell from a scaffold when painting in Cadiz

on an altar piece for the Church of the Capuchins. He was taken to Seville, and died soon after from the injury he received. The painting, "Marriage of St. Catherine," is in the Vatican Gallery at Rome.

*General.*

1. "Vatican," so called from its position on Mons Vaticanus, which received its name from the fact that in days of Pagan Rome there was an oracle on that hill that was often consulted. Meaning of the word signifies a "prophetess."

2. A "basilica" was a chief court of justice presided over by the Urban prefects, in which the emperors themselves often heard cases and administered justice. They were later used as Christian churches. St. John Lateran in Rome was the oldest basilica, built in 289 B. C.

3. Ferdinand and Isabella gave audience to Columbus in the Alhambra, Granada. "Alhambra" is from an Arabic word meaning "red," that being the color of bricks from which the outer walls are made.

4. The Italian or Lombard crown is known as the "Iron crown," although the only iron in it was one of the nails used, or said to have been used, at the Crucifixion, the rest of the material being gold. The first Lombard king was crowned in 590. Napoleon I was crowned with this at Milan in 1805. The crown is now at the Monza Cathedral.

5. "Tuscany," the name given to that part of Italy originally inhabited by a people called by the Romans, Etrusci or Tusci, that is "strangers." Its age is unknown, and variously estimated from 500 to 1,000 years B. C.

Cities of Italy.

Sublime City, Rome.

Pleasant City, Naples.

Academic City, Florence.

Mercantile City, Leghorn.

Dead City, Pisa.

Musical City, Bologna.

Civil City, Milan.

Romantic City, Venice.

Alice M. Freeman,

16 Gibbins street, Somerville, Mass.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

*Literature.*

1. What were the fabled Elysian fields and where were they?

2. What is the "Malade Imaginaire," who wrote it, and what peculiar circumstance is connected with it?

3. How was Socrates pronounced the wisest man, and what reason did he give for this?

4. Who were the Hesperides, where did they dwell and what were their duties?

5. Who were the "Immortal Four" of Italy?

*Art.*

1. What remarkable proof was given by a king of Velasquez's power as a portrait painter?

2. What curious error did Micheal Angelo make in his "Last Judgment,"—an error relating to paganism?

3. What is the Escorial and what form of outline has it?

4. Under whose influence did Louis XIV establish the Royal Academy of Arts, at Paris, and where is most of his best work?

5. Where is Gerard Dow's acknowledged greatest picture and what is it?

*General.*

1. What was the old war cry of Spain?

2. How did "New York" get its name?

3. Who commanded the "Thundering Legion" of Rome and why was it so named?

4. What was the original "Dixie's Land?"

5. Who was the "Cid?"

PRIZES FOR JUNE.

First Prize: Walt Whitman's Complete Prose Works.

Second Prize: "Christ and His Time." By Dallas Lore Sharp.

Third Prize: "Vivian of Virginia," a Romance of the First Rebellion. By Hubert Fuller.

Fourth Prize: "A Hero in Homespun," a Tale of the Loyal South. By William E. Barton.



### "Caleb West; Master Diver."

TO his unique characters, Colonel Carter of Cartersville and Tom Grogan, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has lately added a third one, "Caleb West; Master Diver." Mr. Smith is nothing if not picturesque; this is decidedly the distinctive hallmark of all his creations. His heroes and his heroines step out from the pages of his book and say to us: "I am such a personage as could only have been found in this world by one with an artist's eye for the picturesque, for the seeing of the beautiful behind the commonplace, for the discovery of the fact that in this very prosaic and hum-drum nineteenth century life there exists after all a very large bit of the heroic, the chivalrous and the brave. And the name of the writer who delights in seeking out such characters as myself and my brethren is F. Hopkinson Smith."

It is not every one who can take the seedy relic of an old southern gentleman and make him into such an intensely fascinating creation as Colonel Carter of Cartersville; nor make attractive and fraught with interest, a brawny Irishwoman of thirty-five, a contractor and a "boss," who in her dealings with men manifests strongly the national spirit of—"a flower for you when you agree with me, and a broken head when you don't." Yet Mr. Smith has succeeded in doing this. And now he gives us a third figure, "a broad-shouldered, grizzled man of about forty-five, a fearless diver of marvelous pluck and endurance," who under water half the time lays the foundation for a lighthouse on a sea-exposed

ledge in Long Island Sound. And the building of this lighthouse, together with the hardships and the bits of human tragedy incident to its construction, form the subject of the story in "Caleb West; Master Diver."

Mr. Smith is indeed a versatile man, an expert alike on canvas, paper, platform and engineering plans. His books reflect only those scenes and people with which he is familiar. He thus becomes a writer who is absolutely sure of his material. In "Caleb West," for instance, we see, if we look behind the scenes, that Mr. Smith has given us in many respects a story from his own life, as the building of a lighthouse off the coast of Connecticut is one of his numerous achievements. He has put into print a record of the deeds performed by a group of sturdy working men he has known, men whose life work meant "a war with winds and storms and changing seas, men who faced their share of wet and cold without grumbling," and men who took such a pride in their labors that "victory meant something more to them than pay once a month and plum duff once a week."

The distinct results which Mr. Smith has given us in his book are two in number, first, a knowledge of sea-workers and the severity of their lives, and second, the story of Caleb West's marriage to his second wife, "a mere child, the men said, young enough to his daughters, too young for a man of forty-five." But a marriage of love, nevertheless, until in a moment of forgetfulness, the pretty young girl becomes fascinated with a youth of passion, who

tempts her away from home. She goes, but the awakening of her hitherto irproachable womanhood is speedy. She returns at once, but the shock of her momentary transgression almost kills Caleb West. The attempt to reconcile Caleb and to have him take her back is the theme of the last half of the book.

Mr. Smith may always be counted on for telling a strong story. Based as his are on a generous bed-rock of reality, they doubly justify their existence. "Caleb West: Master Diver" has just such a base with a superstructure to match. For Mr. Smith builds his tales, like his lighthouses, good and true. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

#### "The War of the Worlds."

TO the list of names, comprising the men with whom the imagination has run riot, Baron Munchausen, Dean Swift, Jules Verne, H. Rider Haggard and the like, there has now been added a new one, that of Mr. H. G. Wells. And his book is "The War of the Worlds." A very extraordinary title and a very extraordinary book. What Mr. Wells calls upon you as his reader to imagine is an invasion of and bombardment of London by the warriors of the planet Mars, until said London is reduced to a silent, and empty city. In obedience to predictions at Lick Observatory, Mr. Wells, (telling his story in the first person) informs us that in 1894 he observed through a telescope that three points of light shot out from Mars, the War Star, and began a meteoric flight across the forty million miles of space intervening between the earth. On nearer approach they proved to be huge cylinders that finally strike this world in the county of Surrey, England. On their arrival they unscrewed from the inside and forthwith a host of Martians poured out and took possession of the land. A short description of Mr. Wells' relation to the personality of these visitors is worth quoting:

"A big, grayish, rounded bulk, the size, perhaps, of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather. Two large dark-colored eyes were regarding me

steadfastly. It was rounded; and had, one might say, a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the lipless brim of which quivered, and panted, and dropped saliva. The body heaved and pulsated convulsively. A lank, tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air. . . . There was something fungoid in the oily brown skin, something in the clumsy deliberation of the tedious movements that was unspeakably terrible."

The fray that ensues is decidedly one of horror, a fray the depicting of which privileges the author to outstrip himself in feats of the imagination. The object of the Martians was to take possession of the earth, and according to the present chronicler, they did so. London is cannonaded with gun-like tubes that shower canisters of blackgas and reek destruction throughout the land. So dire a catastrophe is the whole affair, and so exhaustive is the author's tax upon the reader's imagination that one closes the book with a feeling of relief, and with the prospect of having his dreams for nights to come, peopled with those flimsy bipeds and those lipless faced monstrosities that Mr. Wells imports from another world to enliven the pages of a book in this.

#### "The Girl at Cobhurst."

THE last book by Mr. Stockton, is most refreshing and delightful. Full to the brim of the quaintest drollery and humorous incident, giving us now and then a good laugh, yet it is not what we would call a mere humorous book. It is something more. The author's inventive genius is as prominent as ever, his wonderful delineation of character as good, his humor as sly and unobtrusive, and altogether the book is fascinating and interesting. Truly Stocktonian in its lighter parts, yet there is an underlying stratum of good common sense through it all. The book comes to us fresh with all its surprises, not having passed through the usual serial form, and for that reason it seems newer.

It opens without any descriptive preamble, immediately presenting us to young Haverley and his school-girl sister, Miriam, who are packing up their small posses-

sions. They are leaving for "Cobhurst," a large estate in the town of Thurbury, recently left them by an old uncle. One of the most prominent characters in the book, perhaps the most so, is "Old Miss Panney," an eccentric, match-making old maid, who believes herself the hub of the wheel of Thorbury, around whom everything revolves and without whom everything would remain motionless. There was never a marriage in her day in Thurbury that she did not plan and bring to pass; she always felt great indignation if anyone even attempted such a thing without her assistance or advice. When she finds out that a young, unmarried man has come to take possession of her old friend Butterwood's estate, she instantly takes a new lease of life, and plans a matrimonial alliance between Ralph Haverley and Dora Bannister, a girl of great beauty and wealth to correspond. The old lady enters into her new affair with great vigor, and takes the reader along with her and keeps him to the end. There seems no obstacle to the development of her pet plans till Miss Panney's solicitude for the stomach of Dr. Tolbridge defeats her own ends and upsets everything. She induces Mrs. Tolbridge to engage a French cook (whose husband was an artist, hence her name La Fleur) whom she has seen. After the cook has been with them for a few weeks she hears of the reduced circumstances in which her former adored Mistress finds herself, and La Fleur writes offering her services for love, and declares her intention to leave if her former mistress, Mrs. Drane, accepts her gratuitous services. The daughter Cicely is trying to find something to do like teaching or writing. When Miss Panney hears of this she hurries down to Mrs. Tolbridge's, receives permission to call on the cook and is soon talking with the great La Fleur. She tells her that she will find something for the daughter to do. Accordingly the next day she rushes frantically into Dr. Tolbridge's office, seizes him by the arm and marches him into the hall, regardless of the patient there waiting. Her plan is to engage Miss Cicely Drane to copy his manuscript for him, "The Diagnosis of Sympathy." She can bring her mother, they can board in

Thorbury and La Fleur is saved to the Tolbridges. Miss Panney accomplishes her ends, and pretty Cicely and her mother come to Thorbury to live. In the meantime, affairs between Ralph and Dora are running to her entire satisfaction and she is happy and contented. But alas! La Fleur soon says in a week or so that Mrs. Drane cannot stay where she is, as it is too warm and close in the Brinkerley's house, so the Tolbridges arrange with the Haverleys to board the Dranes, without consulting Miss Panney. She soon finds it out, however, and is furious; her plans are all annihilated and her labors lost. Ralph of course falls in love with Cicely Drane, and the old lady finally accepts the situation, declaring that she made the match, as she created the opportunities, which were all that was needed.

The autocrat of the kitchen is presented to us in a variety of ways. There is the great La Fleur with her lofty ideas of her art and her aversion to tradespeople; colored Phoebe, who leaves her mistress in the lurch to board the minister; Molly, who starves poor old Mike; then Seraphina, who has a very small opinion of the great La Fleur. In the delineation of these various characters, his quaint allusions to their self-importance generally, the author has certainly struck a responsive chord in a very merry way, and every mistress with a La Fleur or a Molly in her kitchen will laugh till the tears come, and be better for the laughing. Never has this all too common annoyance been more truthfully or comically written about.

The book is very interesting, wholesome and refined; an atmosphere of humor envelopes it from first to last and hangs about the reader after the book is finished. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"**B**ESIDE the Bonnie Brier Bush" on the stage is quite as successful as it was in book form. The dramatization by Mr. James M. Arthur and Mr. Tom Hall, was presented for the initial performance in Washington, on the first night of which it was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm. A critic somewhere has spoken of the play as a picture of *The Old Homestead* framed in Scotch thistle.



# LET'S TALK



# IT OVER

WAR is the topic that absorbs public interest at this time, and "The National Magazine" has officially recognized the fact in presenting this "war number." From cover to cover the spirit of the times is reflected, and there is a large amount of matter in this June "National Magazine" that is not only of present day interest but is indeed worth preserving in its permanent form. The edition has been largely increased to meet advance orders, but it would be advisable to purchase extra copies as early as possible as "The National Magazine" is one of the periodicals that will not print second editions. The war articles in the April and May numbers quite exhausted the supply of magazines and greatly expanded our sales, and the fact that the dealers had to report "entirely sold out" all over the country, has only served to whet the public appetite for more—and they have more this month and will have more next month if they keep on buying as they have.



TO us of the younger generation the great outburst of patriotic sentiment incident to the Spanish war, not only has its fascinating interest, but lessons that will last a lifetime. To-day the country is ablaze with flags and bunting; every isolated hut, every remote community, every busy city thoroughfare, every town, village and hamlet is emblazoned with the national

colors. Along every railroad and pike the banners present the appearance of an endless chain typifying the unity of our people. It is a war that has penetrated to inmost nooks of the forests and plains of the West and the granite piles of Eastern cities, and it will remain a significant epoch in the history of the country. Every schoolhouse and factory finds living expression to the grand sentiments expressed in the red, white and blue. No child too small that does not want the lapel: girls, boys, mothers and fathers, all wear the colors. It is one grand overwhelming expression of loyalty, that more than any other single event since 1776, marks the impregnable solidarity of American institutions. We cannot find more adequate expression of this than the poem "Song of the Banner of Daybreak" by Walt Whitman, our greatest distinctively American poet. The lines are so appropriate to the present that it seems as if the good grey poet must have foreseen the stirring times of 1898 with the clear and prophetic vision of a seer. The lines are published on another page and are indeed a sublime expression of patriotic thought.



READERS of "The National Magazine" will be interested in knowing that Mr. Walter Wellman, special contributor of this periodical, sailed on May 10th for his long-cherished plan of "A Dash for

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

the North Pole," which was the title of a recent article from his pen in this magazine. He has a well organized and practical expedition and it is not necessary to go into details as to his plans, as the experiences of this famous expedition are to appear in "The National Magazine" when actually accomplished. Mr. Wellman has started out with a determined purpose of adding more lustre to the great achievements of American explorers. His heart and soul have been in the work for years past and there is no such word as fail in the American lexicon.



WHEN the minister begins to talk business in the pulpit—a subscription paper, or extra call for funds—there is a concerted shrug through the congregation. And yet in the case of American congregations a worthy cause or responsibility is never shirked.

Now each reader of "The National Magazine," or any first class publication, has a direct responsibility besides merely buying the periodical and enjoying it. There are advertisers who seek and rightly claim attention. It is these advertisers—and they alone—who have made magazines possible for the masses. Where a few years ago the magazine reader represented only the select few—it now includes the whole people, and the general educational influence of high-class periodical literature has a potent influence. Magazine literature has supplanted the old-time editorial, where scholarly and leisurely thought and personality was reflected in the discussion of men and affairs. The newspaper of to-day in its expanded field, conquering the world of news each succeeding hour, has relegated the old-school essayistic editorial to the closet of the obsolete. In somewhat different form the old spirit has reasserted itself in the magazine curriculum. To be duly modest, we might allude to the "Review of Reviews" as a case in point. Dr. Albert Shaw's "Progress of the World" is to-day a text book of current events. There are thousands of people who gain their first clear and comprehensive ideas and fixed

conclusions from the exhaustive digest of events discussed in that magazine. It is not to supplant the newspaper function that the magazine news feature has come to stay, but rather to supplement it, with a discursive comment that suggests the library lamp, rather than a flavor of thought echoing the bustle and clicking chorus of rushing machines.

Now back to the point. This dealing with live topics has been one feature that has made "The National Magazine" so much of a positive success. Subscriptions are pouring in and with them commendatory letters, showing that our concentrated effort in the directions of grappling with questions of national moment meets with a hearty and appreciative response from readers. In the face of the splendid success of "The National Magazine" we would be guilty of gross ingratitude not to award a proper degree of credit to the generosity and public-spiritedness of advertisers. Take a package of postal cards and make their acquaintance as we have and you will not have occasion to regret the suggestion. The American advertiser is indeed a public benefactor. Start right in at the first page and search out the addresses in "The National Magazine" for June.



THE name of William Morris Hunt is one of the most potent in the history of American art. Although he died several years ago, his influence is still felt and his pictures receive much attention. An exhibition and sale of his works last winter in Boston attracted widespread interest and called out large prices. The subject from which our frontispiece is taken was one of the most popular exhibited. It was painted during the last war, when Hunt was still a young man, and is a portrait of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, who was the artist's model for the occasion. The composition is stirring and effective and has the strong draughtsmanship and breadth of style which are among the characteristics of this painter.

# THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## "MOXIE" MEETS THE NEED

SOLDIERS AT CAMP ALGER, WHERE DRINKING WATER IS VILE,  
ARE GIVEN THE REFRESHING AND HEALTHFUL DRINK  
THAT HAS MADE MILLIONS HAPPY

PATRIOTIC impulse is always a worthy motive. In all its history the United States has never known such unanimity in the proof of loyalty to the grand old flag as during the months of April, May and June in the year 1898.

The president's call for volunteers met with an enthusiastic response in every state in the Union and the problem presented itself—not of obtaining recruits but of providing places within the prescribed limits for those who enlisted. There was no need to urge enlistment. The brave young men of the militia were first to respond "ready" and with marvelous rapidity the United States marshalled an army of 200,000 men. Too much cannot be said in praise of the young men, who with true American courage, left their homes to fight, not only a foreign and treacherous foe, but the fatalities incident to tropical heat.

In the hasty mobilization of troops there was much to be thought of in protecting the health of the soldiers. The presence of 100,000 men in one camp within a few weeks without previous preparations, meant necessary conveniences that cities are years in supplying for the same number of inhabitants. The supply of good drinking water was one of the most serious problems that presented itself at Camp Alger, which is located near Falls Church, Virginia. The two essentials of good health, plenty of pure air and pure

water, had to be met in the last instances. As rapidly as provision was made for one regiment others poured into camp, but American energy is equal to the undertaking.

The routine life at Camp Alger was broken during the month by an event that will mark one of the happy days in camp. The Moxie Nerve Food Co., anticipating that the thirst of the soldier boys was then the problem, sent by express 144 bottles of "Moxie" to Co. G, Sixth Massachusetts. This was the company from Lowell, Mass., where Moxie is manufactured and the considerate Dr. Thompson thought "Moxie" would be appreciated by the thirsty volunteers. The cases were received with wild shouts and cheers and the scenes that followed can be best described by the artists. Discipline was for the time thrown to the winds, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the cases were opened, and the soldier boys drank deep to the health of "Moxie" in draughts long and full.

It makes them think of "Fourth of July" and "Circus Day" at home. It again brought up sweet and tender memories of the dear ones there and was another link in the chain of kindly thoughtfulness.

"I never knew 'Moxie' was so good before and if the boys could all have 'Moxie' there would be little intoxicating beverage sold to soldiers."

This was the expression of one of the men and contains a suggestion that is indeed pertinent in relation to the temperance question.

There was a peculiar appropriateness in Dr. Thompson sending his "Moxie" to the soldier boys at Camp Alger. Thirty-

soldiers, were fast friends. Macksey has been a great traveler and had spent many years in the West Indies and South America. He has suffered the terrible tortures of tropical heat and had studied minutely the life and habits of the natives and especially the methods in which they pro-

Letter  
to  
the  
author  
of  
the  
Moxie

Company C  
Sixth Regiment of Infantry, U. S. A.

ALEX. GRIEG, JR., Capt.

First Brigade, 8th V. M.

Camp Alger, French, Mass. June 15 - 1898

My dear Mr. Thompson

Gentlemen

Your generous contribution  
of Moxie sent to Company C & S  
is received and greatly appreciated

I am, unfortunately, in leaving my  
company on forward duty at present  
only half of the Company being at the  
quarters at its usual time, and as soon  
as I can get a comfortable number  
I'll send you this portion of my  
share of Moxie

You were very kind and his pleasure  
to accept the share this was given when  
your letter was read to the men, and my  
personal thanks

Yours Very Respectfully

Alexander Grieg Jr.

Capt. C. I. 1st Reg. 24th U. S.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM CAPTAIN GRIEG, JR., OF THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS  
INFANTRY U. S. V., ACKNOWLEDGING THE RECEIPT OF THE "MOXIE."

four years ago he was a young soldier—a volunteer—on these same grounds. It was during this war that a friendship sprang up between two comrades in camp that resulted in "Moxie," the greatest temperance beverage of modern times, being given to the world. Lieutenant Macksey and Dr. Thompson, the young

tected themselves against the rays of the blazing equatorial sun. He brought back with him on one trip subsequent to the war, in 1884, the juice of tropical leaves which was used by the natives as a beverage during the hot spells. One of the friends he visited was his old comrade, Doctor Thompson, at Lowell. He gave

the doctor a sample and told him of the results he has seen from its use. Dr. Thompson at once commenced an extended series of experiments. He mixed with it a palatable flavor and added ingredients to aid in the digestion of food. From these experiments a refreshing and palatable beverage was compounded and it was then that Dr. Thompson, in honor of his friend, Lieut. Macksey, coined the

beverage. Like all Americans, he believes in hard work and the exercise of vigorous energies, and he sought to provide a nourishment that would permit of this strain upon energies without necessitating recourse to the baneful results occasioned by the too free use of stimulants. At first it was intended to only sell the food to physicians for use in nervous troubles, but Dr. Thompson conceived a plan of putting



THE POPULAR BEVERAGE AT CAMP ALGER.

word "Moxie" for the pioneer nerve food in 1886. Since that time "Moxie" has become a household word in every city, town, village or hamlet in America. For wherever there is a refreshment booth "Moxie" is a first thought as the inquiring look at the soda fountain beams upon the perspiring bicyclist or passerby who enters to slake his thirst.

Dr. Thompson studied American temperament in compounding the "Moxie"

up the food in a popular and palatable form and that the people would acquire the habit of drinking it regularly to nourish the exhausted nervous energies which so frequently result in chronic disease. It was the pioneer nerve food and appeared at a critical time—a beverage which built up the system and left no injurious reaction. It gives strength to the nervous system in much the same manner as a square meal would give strength to a starving





"THE SOUTHERN TWILIGHT HAS FALLEN ON THE TENTED CITY,  
AND A NEW SONG IN HONOR OF 'MOXIE' IS HEARD."

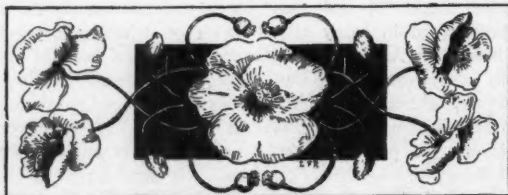
man—"Moxie" is food for starving nerves, besides being the most popular temperance beverage in the world.

The history of "Moxie" reads like a romance. The important ingredients are a secret and only known to Dr. Thompson himself, and consequently, the numerous substitutes imitate the flavor but not the nourishing quality of "Moxie." It is a secret learned from the tropics, and with the prospects of an expansion of American possessions under the policy of Imperialism as a result of Dewey's great victory at Manilla, there is a peculiar appropriateness in the fact that the men of companies C and G at Camp Alger drank to the president and grand old flag, in "Moxie," a

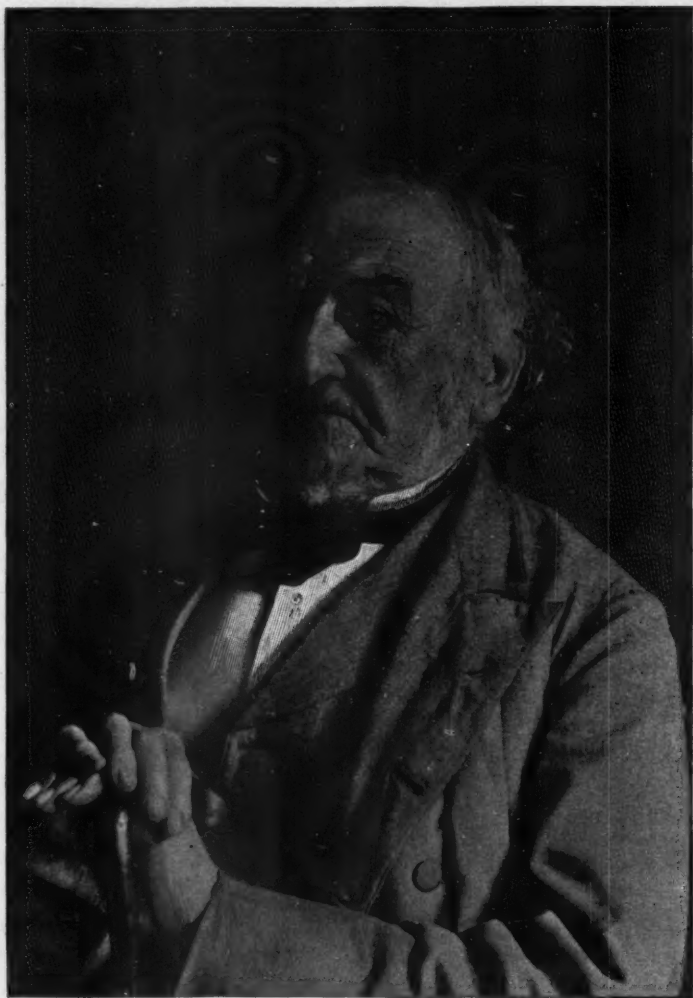
tropical beverage,—and three hearty cheers and a tiger were given for the veteran physician who had remembered them so generously.

The southern twilight has fallen on the tented city. Taps will soon be sounded. The empty cases and bottles about, do not speak of revel or drunken brawls, but of a happy day thinking of those at home and drinking "Moxie." A new song is heard from the tents. No it is not "Tenting Tonight," nor the "Star Spangled Banner"—nor is it "Dixie"—it is a song on "Moxie" in which the boys are trying to give expression to their appreciation.

Taps have sounded and 100,000 men are dreaming of home and battles yet to win.







I remain yours faithfully  
W. H. D. D. D.